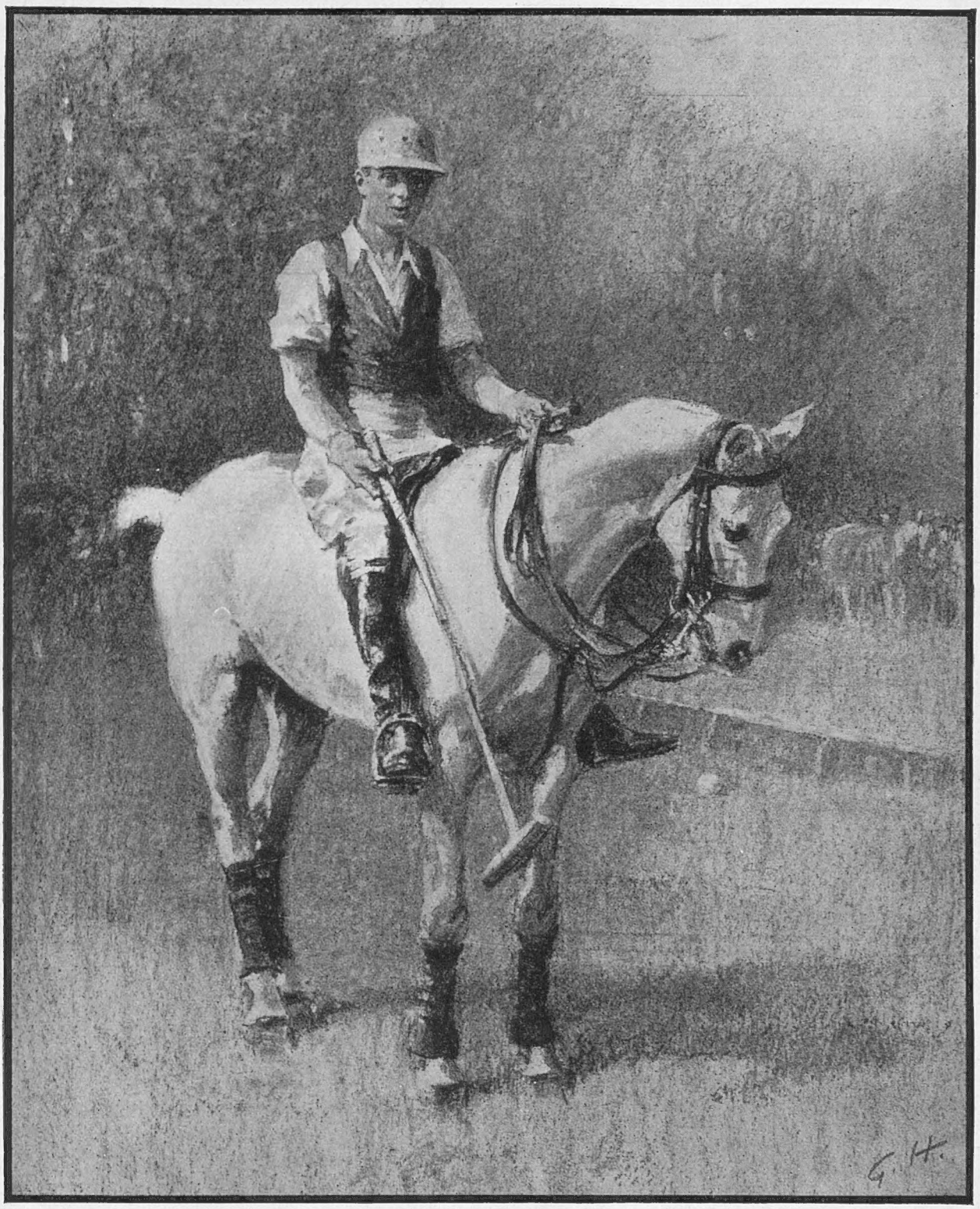
The Bystander, May 11, 1921. No. 910. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER



SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

THE PRINCE AS A POLO PLAYER

After his successes across country, the Prince of Wales, who learnt the game at Oxford, is likely to take up polo with characteristic enthusiasm during the coming season

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This week's issue will contain

THE MAKING OF A POLO PONY.

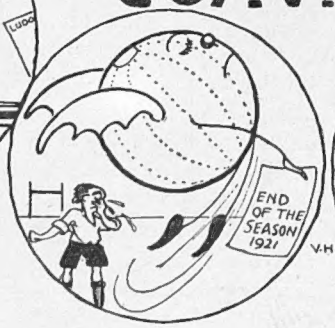
THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.
By ARTHUR MAILEY.

THE COMING MILITARY TOURNAMENT.
By GILBERT HOLIDAY.

The Graphic is readable from Cover to Cover and full of exclusive material.

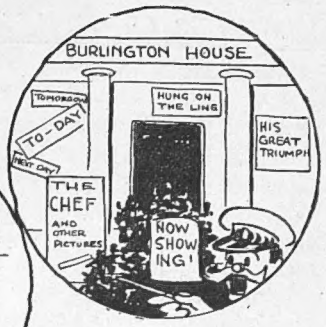
BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

Our pages, this week, are devoted to sport



Football is now on the wing

We're pushing the clock still further back



By Victor Hicks
And the pictures are now in full swing

An Appropriate Number

Apart from the mere and inevitable fact that it is May 11, and, therefore, a suitable date, in quite the ordinary way, for a Summer Sports Number, there is another and an excellent reason why The Bystander should put forth such a number at the present moment. What with strikes and taxes, Ireland and D.O.R.A., and a lot of other unpleasant things, with countless disagreeable things appertaining to them, it is hardly surprising that for some time we have been calling ourselves the most miserable people on earth. Long past are the cheery old days, that the oldest of us can remember from boyhood, when we said "the country is going to the dogs." It is much worse than that now. We talk as though the poor old country had long since been delivered at the kennels. That we have not noticed it very much is simply because there was so little left on it that it has not yet attracted the attention of the dogs.

A Necessary Tonic

This is all right in its way. We always have talked like that about ourselves. It is one of our favourite forms of national vanity. Unfortunately, we have just now, as I have already said, too much excellent material for this sort of talk. And we are taking every advantage of it. The thing is getting monotonous. We have talked so much about our bankruptcy that we are not only acquiescing in it, but getting bored by it. This is unhealthy. We need "a change," as the doctors say, something to take our minds off the one subject. Dr. Bystander, therefore, offers you Summer Sports.

By P. F. James
"THE HOPE OF HIS SIDE"
(With acknowledgments to Mr. E. P. Kinsella)

Two Great Sports

Of course, there are all sorts of summer sports, and they are all good for our complaint. But I propose to mention only two—cricket and polo. We have in this poor old worn-out country at the present moment the American Polo Team and the Australian Cricket XI. I am sure that it is quite unnecessary for me to waste a lot of words in pointing out what those two combinations mean. They are probably the greatest things of their kind in the world. Naturally they want to prove it. And—this is where our tonic prescription comes in—they have to come here to do it. There's nowhere else. It would be quite useless for the American polo team to go and beat some neutral country that has not been cut to pieces by the War and then go home and say, "We're it! We've beaten Sweden and Norway to a frazzle!" They would not get a single flag waved at them. Similarly with the Australian XI. They might beat every eleven in Spain and Scandinavia and return down under with the most wonderful bowling and batting averages ever seen. But it would be useless. At best they would be asked, "Why leave Australia if it's rabbits you are after?"

Good For Us

No! In spite of our general "down and out" sort of condition it is only by beating us that these two wonderful sets of people can gain any credit over here. And if they should be beaten, or not victorious in every encounter, it is only from us that they can at present accept defeat without any tinge of disgrace. This may sound a little boastful. Perhaps, indeed, it is.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

But, as I have already suggested, we need a change. Some of us are beginning to believe too much in our complete and utter ruin. It is good for such to realise that we are still in the ring, and, with proper effort, may remain there. Nothing could better prove it than the visits of the American polo team and the Australian Cricket XI to take part in our summer sports. Welcome, Gentlemen!

The Metamorphosed Academy

IF there was one place or institution in the world from which, in these troublous days, we looked for neither excitement nor disturbance, that place was surely Burlington House, and that institution, the spring show of the Royal Academy. But just before the opening day they make Mr. Augustus John an Associate, and on the opening day they show to the astounded critics that they have been trying to follow the advice that has been poured on them for years. They have hung as few pictures as possible, and have ruthlessly turned out nearly all the pictures that made the Academy what it was.

Critics! Be Quiet!

OF course, those who maintain that the Academy as it was did not matter will say that the change is all for the good. But how about that enormous and faithful public who loved the Academy as it was? Have they no rights? I suppose not. The Academy has a Royal Charter. The President and Secretary take their account books at the proper times to Buckingham Palace, settle up everything with the King, or one of his people if he's too busy to attend to it himself, and this being satisfactorily settled no one else has the right to say a word.

The Policy of the Royal Academy

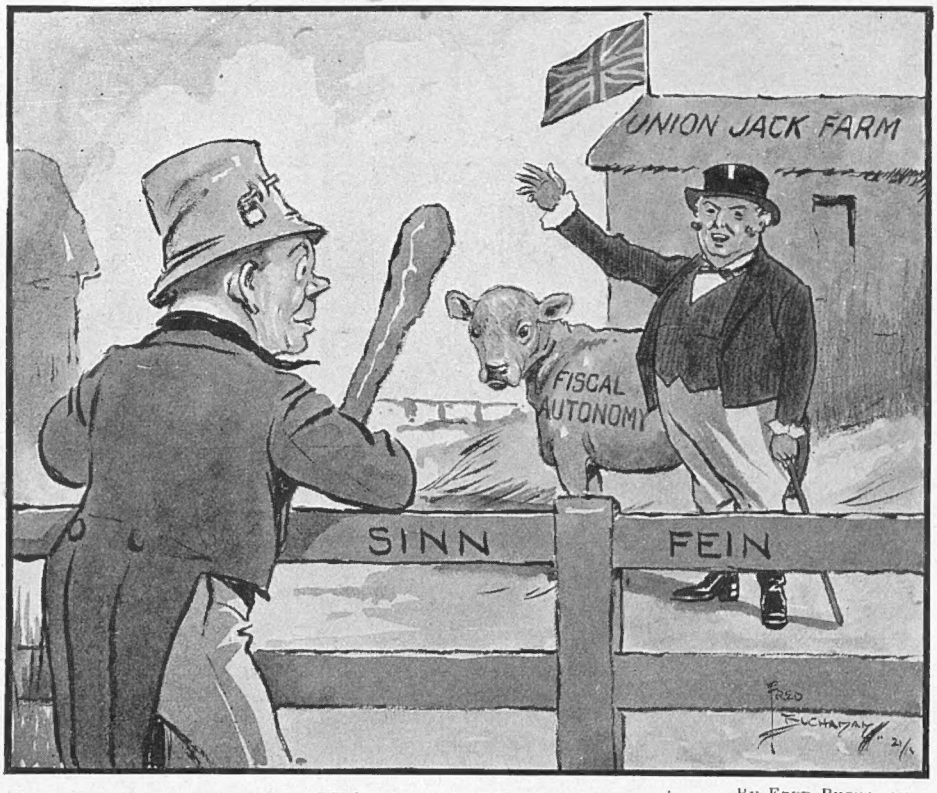
IT is just as well to understand this, as I find that many people have a vague sort of idea that the R.A. is a kind of public institution that could be reformed and bucked up and generally brought to its bearings if people would only take a proper and citizen-like interest in it—as if it were the L.C.C. or the Borough Council, in short. But although this is not the case, the R.A. has, by the line of conduct it has so long and steadily pursued, acquired a real moral responsibility with regard both to the public and the artists. In acting as it has done this year it very pointedly repudiates this.

To Encourage British Art

I HAVE often thought that the Academy shows too few rather than too many pictures—I do not mean too few at a time, but too few during a year or five years. The aim of the institution, I believe, is to exhibit and encourage British art. It would be very easy to exhibit and encourage it a great deal more than is done at present. Why should not Burlington House have a great exhibition of the work of British artists running all the year round instead of for three months only? The present system puts the selecting committee into the position almost of men with life and death in their yea or nay. Mr. Frank Salisbury's letter to the *Times* shows that I do not exaggerate.

A Perennial Exhibition

I BELIEVE this could be obviated, and fair play given all round by running the show all the year round. But not with the same pictures all the year round. That's where my scheme comes in. The pictures might be changed five times a year, and each lot allowed to remain on view for two months, which would leave two months for hanging and other purposes. No artist, not even, or especially, R.A.'s, should have more than one work exhibited at a time, and no artist should be exhibited a second time until every artist up to exhibition standard had been exhibited once. "Exhibition standard" may sound a very hard thing to define. It is, but in practice it would be a very easy matter to arrive at. I make a present of the idea to the R.A.'s.



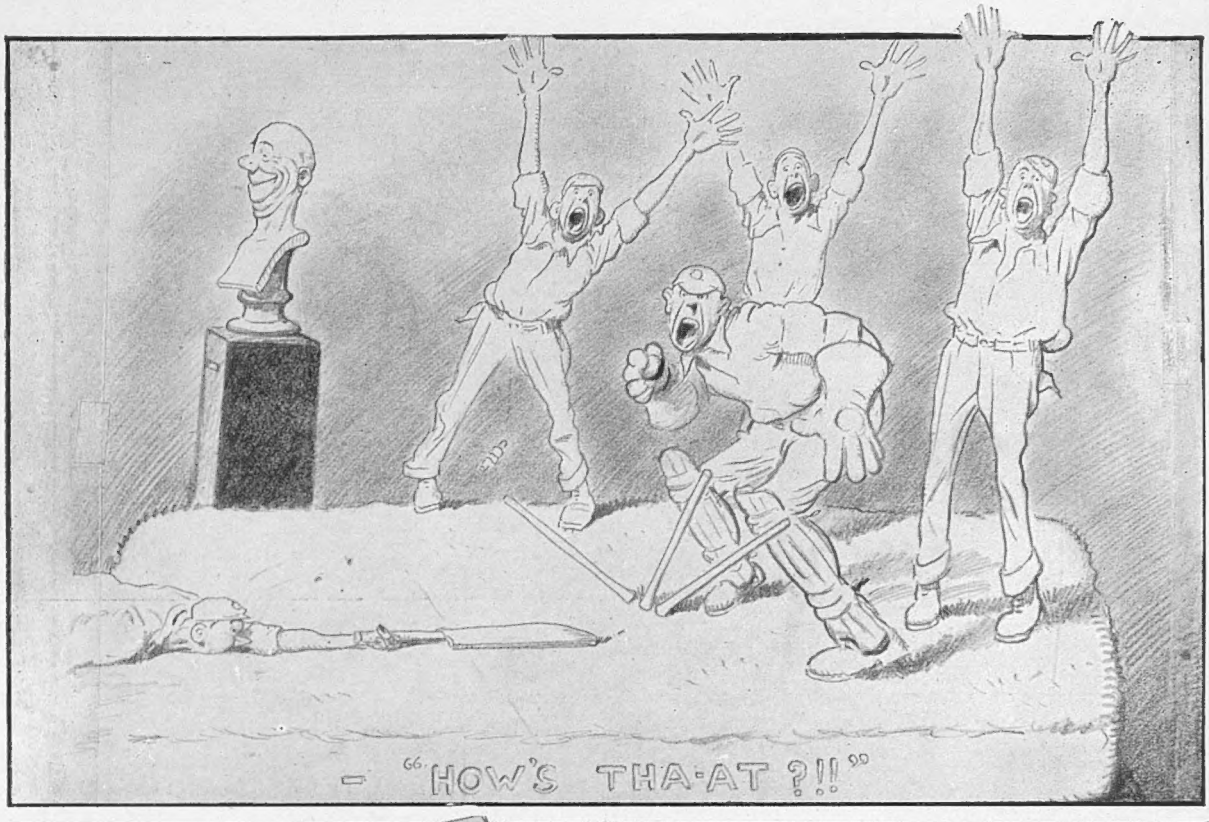
THAT "FATTED CALF" By Fred Buchanan

JOHN BULL: "Come on, Pat! Jump over the fence and let's run the old farm together again"

THE "PRODIGAL": "Will yez give me the fat baste beside yez if I do—eh?"

Mr. Epstein Protests

ART seems to be very much in the air just now. Here is



By E. T. Reed

TWO FASCINATING SPORTING GROUPS IN MARBLE, WHICH OUR ARTIST MERCIFULLY SPARED THE "HANGING COMMITTEE"

Mr. Epstein protesting against the British Museum people patching up their Greek marbles. It seems that they have re-tipped the nose of the Goddess Demeter of Cnidos just as casually as if she were a mere billiard cue. She had also been scraped—just as a billiard cue is sandpapered. Mr. Epstein is very angry. But the keeper of these ancient works of art at the British Museum declares that Demeter and his other charges have only been washed. He admits that noses have been re-tipped, and that this has "greatly conduced to the pleasure of the general visitor." He also points out that these tips can be taken off again quite easily. Mr. Epstein seems to have discovered a mare's nest. But then, we have not heard anything of Mr. Epstein lately. Is another very ugly and irreverent statue imminent?

Photograph **THE PRINCE OF WALES AT GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL** *Central News*

After the inauguration of the Prince of Wales to the Presidency of the Hospital for Sick Children at Great Ormond Street last week, he addressed the Annual Meeting at which Lady Astor and the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Warrington (on the right) were also present

Who, When and Where

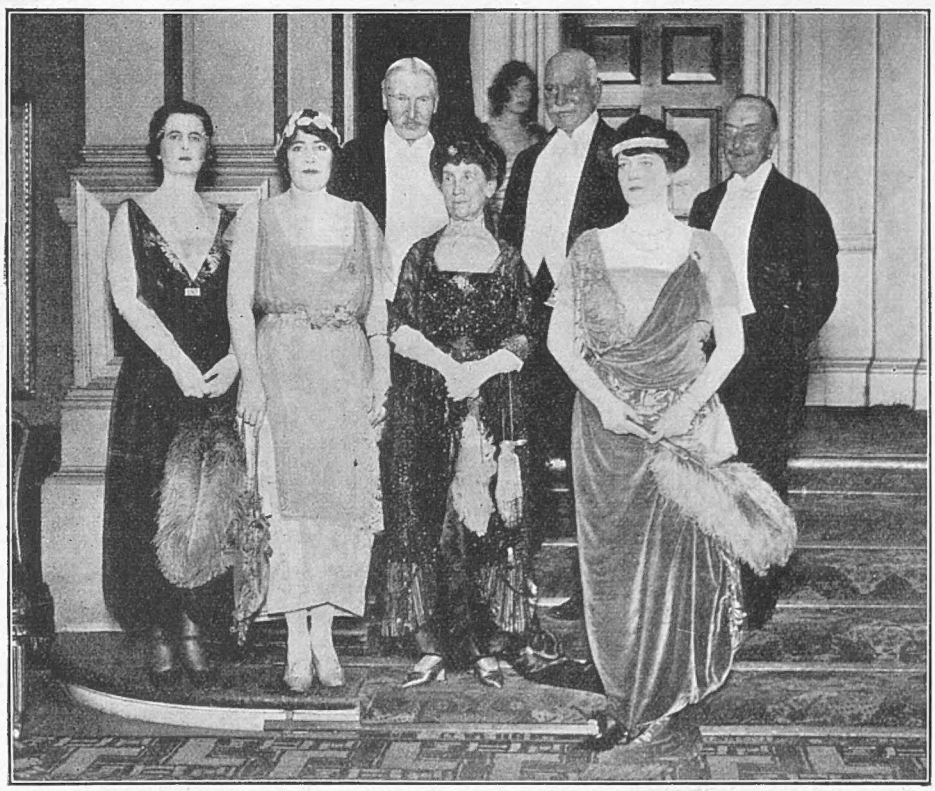
BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Concerning Polo

POLO, the merry month of May, and the lilac all came in last week. There may be no opera, dances may dwindle and grow painfully rare, the streets may become darker and darker, the trains fewer and fewer, but the coal strike will make no difference to polo. At Ranelagh alone, starting from last Saturday, there will be twenty-nine matches; then there are matches, too, at Roehampton and Hurlingham. So the polo-lover, who can afford the prodigious prices asked for seats, will have three solid months of enjoyment.

The coming of the American team naturally gives a tremendous fillip to the interest, and there are already prophets who predict they will carry away the International trophy. These predictions, I believe, are based on their ponies. The Madrid team, which will play three times at Ranelagh in June, is coming over with a special blessing from the King of Spain.

The American team will have two more matches with Ranelagh besides the one of last Saturday—on May 25 and June 4. It plays the Freebooters on May 21 and June 15, and plays Roehampton four times.



Photograph **CHARITY DANCE AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES** *G.P.U.*

Viscountess Barrington last week gave a dance at the Grafton Galleries in aid of the Village Homes Welfare Institute for Disabled Ex-Service Men which was a great success, swelling the coffers of the Charity considerably. In the front row, from left to right, can be seen: Lady Latta, Lady Hulton, Viscountess Barrington, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Craven. In the back row: Lord Barrington, Colonel Dundonald Cochrane, C.B., and Mr. Matheson Fraser

Games and Revolution

ALL the *monde qui s'amuse* will find its way to the three polo grounds for the big matches, especially when the Americans are playing. Cricket has never had the same attraction, and obviously. It lacks the continual excitement and rush. Only enthusiasts, therefore, go to Lord's, except for the 'Varsity and the Eton and Harrow matches.

Then admiring mammas and sisters flock to St. John's Wood in their best frills and furbelows. And it is very pleasant to remember in these changing times that

nothing save the cataclysm of war stops these annual gatherings, and that the grandmother of to-day, listening deferentially to the explanations of an enthusiastic grandson, listened just as deferentially to the explanations of a small brother when she wore her hair in a pigtail and Queen Victoria was still a middle-aged woman.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

MAJOR DORRIEN-SMITH, D.S.O.

And Mrs. Dorrien-Smith in their really Tropic-like gardens, Tresco Abbey, Scilly Isles, where the Prince of Wales is due to visit them in the near future

We may be growing regular in our strikes, but we have been regular for generations in our sports. Myself, I believe that our racing, cricket, football, and tennis are our strongest bulwarks against revolution. If you notice, none of the people who wave red flags and talk "hot air with knobs on it" play games. It's odd, but it's true!

If you want a proof, look at the South American States, where they have two or three revolutions a year. They have nothing in the way of games in those places as we understand games. Men must do something, so failing football or cricket they push over

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE LASSETTER-KILGOUR WEDDING

After the wedding of Mr. F. M. Lassetter and Miss Nancy Kilgour, pipers led the bridal party from the church. Mr. Lasseter is the son of Brig.-General H. E. Lassetter

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

A TITLED HOUSE DECORATOR

Lady Poynter, the wife of Sir Ambrose Poynter, has opened a house-decorating business under the *nom de guerre* of "Toucan" and she intends to originate some attractive schemes

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Miss Violette Selfridge and the Vicomte de Sibour on the steps of Lansdowne House after their wedding at the Brompton Oratory

the local government. I commend this fact to the learned writers on sociology.

A Curious Case

THE death of Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower, who was heir-presumptive to his brother, the Duke of Sutherland,

creates a curious possibility—one that, on the face of things, would seem most unlikely. Unless the Duke has children the next heir is his second cousin, Mr. Frederick Leveson-Gower, who was the son of Lord Albert Leveson-Gower, a son of the second Duke.

Mr. Leveson-Gower is unmarried. If he and the present Duke have no heir an odd thing will happen. There is a dukedom and an earldom of Sutherland, both separate titles. The dukedom goes in the male line, the earldom goes in the female line failing direct male heirs. The distinction came about in this wise. In 1785 Earl Gower, the eldest son of the first Marquis of Stafford, married a great Scottish heiress, Elizabeth, who was Countess of Sutherland in her own right. After he succeeded his father he was created Duke of Sutherland, but that in no way affected his wife's rights as Countess of Sutherland. She was always known as the Duchess-Countess. Their son succeeded to the dukedom through his father and to the earldom through

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS NOEL WENTWORTH

Whose marriage to Capt. Ronald Walker, late of the Rifle Brigade, and the third son of the late Sir James Walker, takes place on June 2. Miss Wentworth is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Wentworth, of Woolley Park, Wakefield

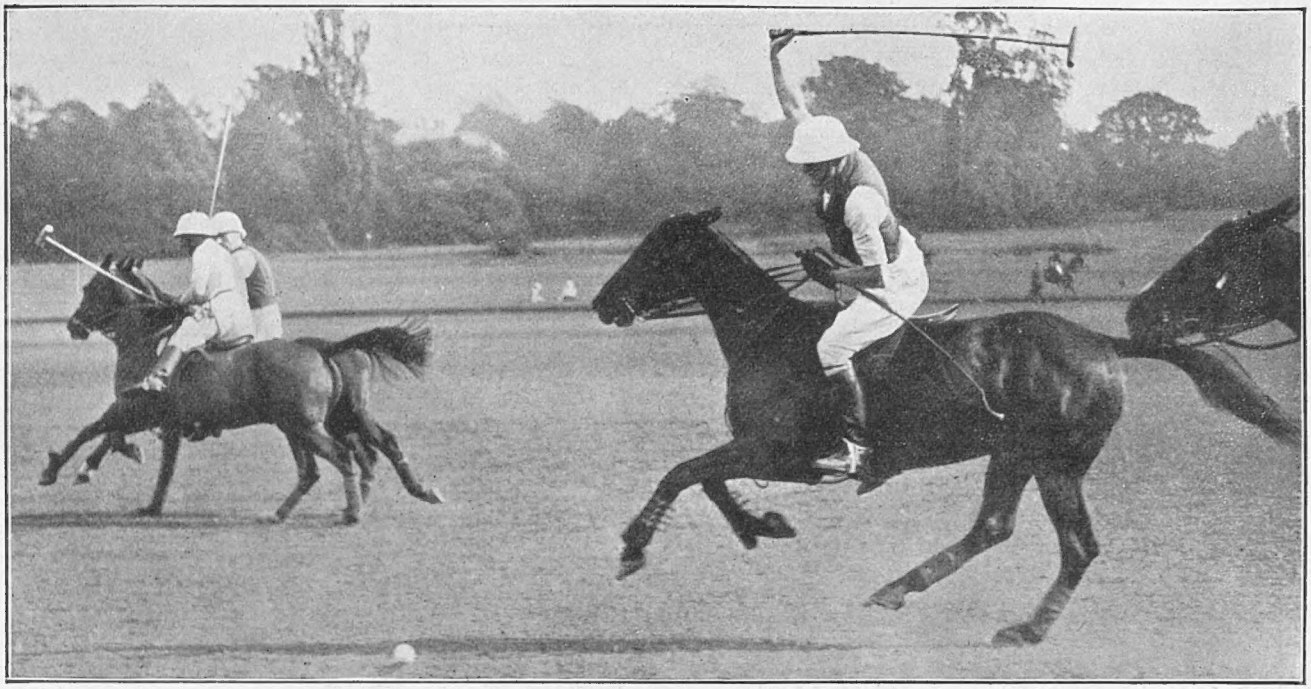
Photograph *Bassano*

MISS MARY MURRAY

The only child of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Murray who is marrying Captain the Hon. H. N. Morgan-Grenville, R.E., the youngest son of the Baroness Kinloss, of Stowe, Buckingham, at St. Mary's Church, Farnham Royal, on Derby Day, June 1

Photograph **A WEDDING GROUP** *Sport and General*

The bridal party after the wedding last week of Major Bartle Edwards M.C., Rifle Brigade, and Daphne, the daughter of Sir Cyril Kendall Butler, at Bourton Church, Shrivenham



Photograph THE OPENING GAME OF THE SEASON *Photo Press*

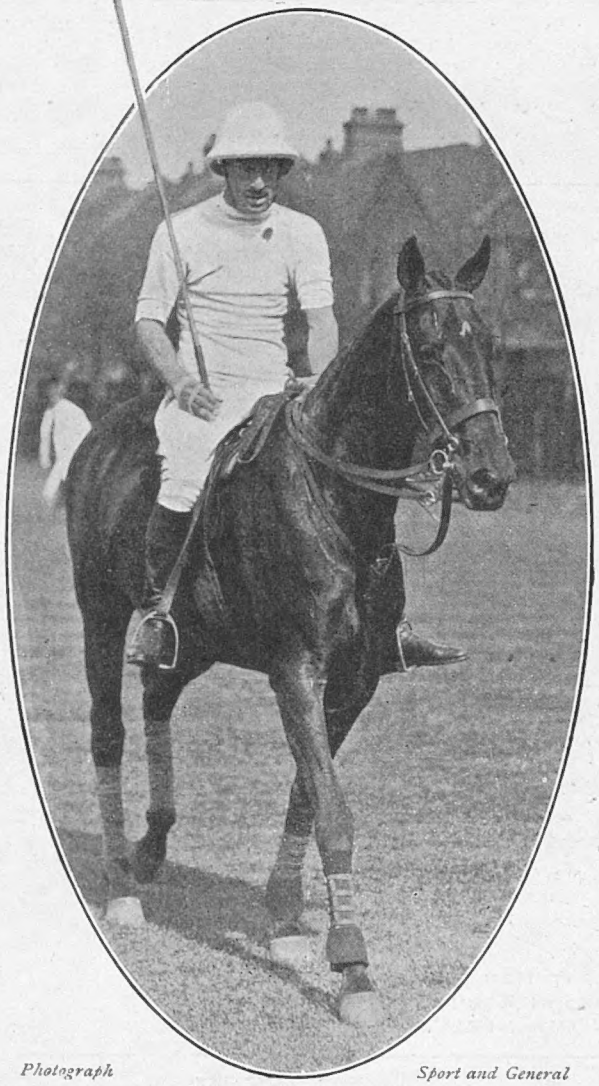
The first match at Roehampton was played on Monday of last week between Roehampton and the "Quidnuncs" in weather far from summery. Lord Wimborne ("Quidnuncs") is seen approaching the ball. Roehampton won by 7 goals to 6

his mother, and so it has gone on for five successions.

But if there is no direct heir the Earldom of Sutherland will go to Lady Ednam, the present Duke's sister, and the dukedom will go to the Earl of Ellesmere, who is descended from the second son of the first Duke and the Duchess-Countess. This son, Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, inherited the vast property of the Duke of Bridgewater, and was created Earl of Ellesmere.

A Vindictive Will

If the present Lord Ellesmere or his heirs should ever succeed to the Sutherland dukedom there will be a pretty case for the lawyers The Duke of Bridgewater detested the first Duke of Sutherland, and in leaving his possessions to the second son made a proviso in his will that if that son or his heirs ever succeeded to the dukedom of Sutherland they would forfeit the Bridgewater property. But the will was made so long ago—over a century—that perhaps the proviso would no longer stand.



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE DUKE OF PENERANDA

At Hurlingham, where, in the opening game, he played for the Freebooters against Major Lockett's Team, the result being a draw of three goals all. The object of this game was to assist the Selection Committee in the choice of the English Team against America

A Little Hasty

A LADY of the *monde* wanted to exchange her piano. Telephoning to a piano-shop, she explained that she had a piano of such-and-such a make, and asked, "Can you let me have a second-hand baby for it?"

There was a silence, then came this answer in a cold, chilling voice: "I'm not married, my lady!"

The Order of the Day

POSTPONEMENT is the order of the day. Dances and all functions that involve the use of coal and light are being put off. Youths and maidens are lamenting. A good many of the postponed affairs will never take place at all. The season is always uncomfortably crowded with engagements, and even if matters take a brighter turn there will be simply no room for some of the bigger functions that had been arranged for these days.

The only things that are not being postponed are the weddings. In spite of the long waiting-list in the Divorce Court marriage seems more popular than ever.

"Tell Me Another"

An amusing story is going the rounds in connection with the return to England of the Duke of Connaught. On arrival of the *Malaya* at Suez, homeward bound, a tennis match took place on shore. The Duke accompanied a party as a spectator. Quite by chance the Duke found himself next to a lady of the "unsquashable" type—the wife of a local official, to wit. Now, Suez is not a huge place, and the English people number only a few scores; the lady was interested, therefore, on discovering herself next to a stranger, and prepared for action.

"I do not think I have seen you before; have you been in the town long?" she commenced.

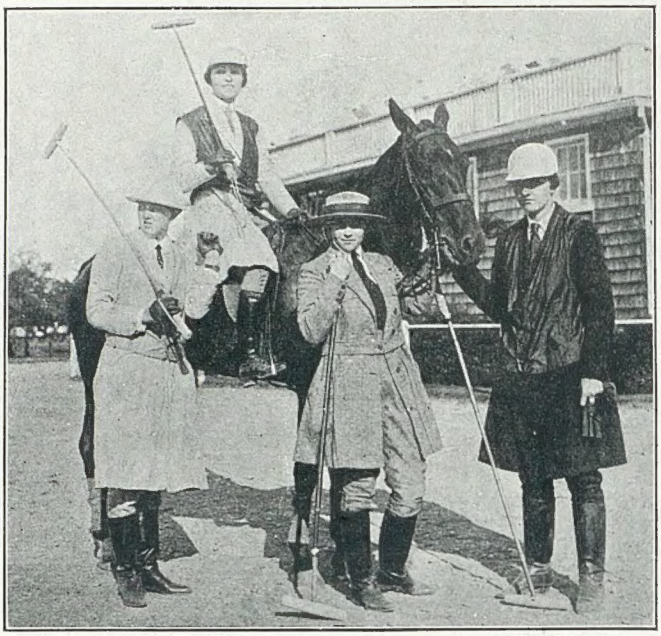
"No," replied the Duke, "I only landed to-day."

"Oh, and from what boat?" was the lady's next attempt, and evinced considerable interest at learning her "find" was off the *Malaya*.

"Then you must have met the Duke of Connaught," she went on.

The reply, "I am the Duke of Connaught," left her at a loss for a moment, and then, with a gay laugh, she clinched with, "Oh, you funny man, DO tell me another!"

History does not relate what followed.



Photograph *Central News*

AMERICAN LADIES' POLO TEAM

These four ladies of Cedarshurst (U.S.A.) are fast becoming expert players. It remains to be seen, however, whether they will achieve the success that has attended women in other branches of vigorous sport. From left to right can be seen: Miss Edith Smith, Miss Elsie Saltus, Miss Alice Thayor, and Miss Frances Fairchild.

Our readers' attention is called to the special Polo Section on page 329, and Cricket Section on page 348.

NOT CRICKET

By Arthur Mailey

Mr. Arthur Mailey, the famous "googlie" bowler, will contribute to "The Bystander" an exclusive weekly series of sketches of the Australians' tour throughout the season. The first of this series appears in the special Cricket Section of this issue. Meanwhile, the above incident—preliminary to the commencement of their tour

The Story of Nature's Bulk Storage : No. 2

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD., 36, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

Eclipsed

BY HIGGINS

HE: "There's really nothing in a blazer nowadays"

The OLD HAND IN SPORT

AND WHAT WE OWE TO HIM

By H. S. SCRIVENER

W. C. CRAWLEY

Chosen to represent England at lawn tennis against Spain in the Davis Cup Competition. He is forty-one years old

Photographs Sport and General

E. M BAERLEIN

Who, although forty-one years of age, is the best of our English amateur players, both at rackets and tennis

J. H. TAYLOR

One of the "old hands" of golf who can still hold his own with the leading players of the younger generation

ONE of the most remarkable features of post-war reconstruction in sport has been the prominent part played therein by the older men. In almost every direction that we turn we find that the big men of pre-War days are big men still. Although they have reached an age when their skill might reasonably be expected to be on the decline they are openly and most convincingly defiant of the old adage that youth will be served. Rugby football, for instance, is essentially a young man's game, and yet three of the finest "Rugger" players of the season 1913-14, W. J. A. Davies, L. G. Brown, and C. N. Lowe, are the three finest players of to-day.

IN rackets, for which agility and stamina are as essential as experience and skill, we find that E. M. Baerlein, the great man of the game before the War, is still champion at the age of forty-one (he is also the best of our "real" tennis players); whilst another "veteran" of forty-one, W. C. Crawley, has recently done things in lawn tennis which have won him a place in England's Davis Cup team, a distinction which he has gained once before—twelve years ago! Cricket, too, has its grand old men, and so has golf. Look at the way J. H. Taylor bobbed up again the other day and beat everybody at Roehampton.

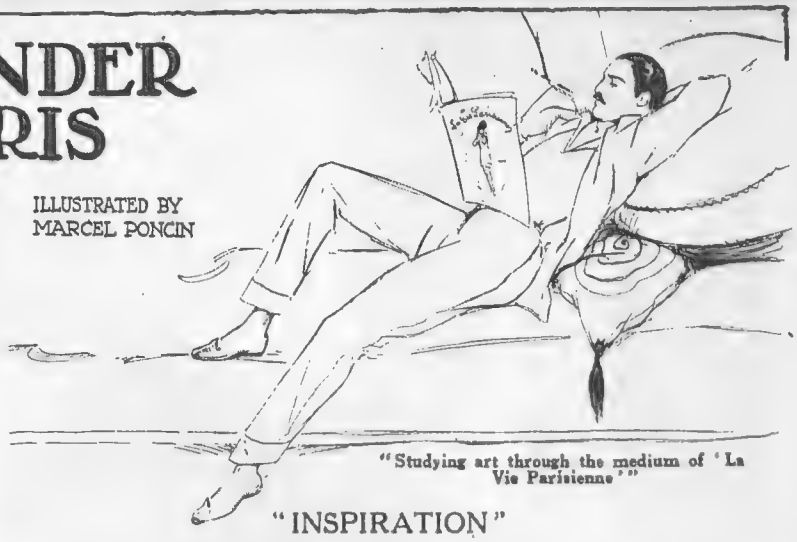
WITH these instances before us of the predominance of the older men—they could be multiplied quite easily, but I think they should suffice—it is rather amusing to look back on the 1919 days when sport was just beginning to get going again. Nobody had the vaguest notion what was likely to happen, but a great many people thought they knew.

WE were going to make an entirely fresh start. Any idea of picking up the threads of 1914 with the aid of those who had dropped them in that year and were still alive and willing to try and pick them up again was to be scrapped. They must be told that they were back numbers, and must make way for the young men, who, released from the obligations of military service or military training, would be coming forward in their thousands to form the athletic backbone of the nation. Thus and thus only could we hope to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the great problem of reconstruction. If the older men showed a tendency to butt in they should be told, tactfully and firmly, that they had better run away and play by themselves.

WE know now how completely these prognostications were falsified. What is more, having had time for reflection, we can see that they were based on an entire misconception of the true state of affairs. What actually happened? The War practically put an end to all forms of sport; development was entirely arrested, and when the War ended the position was exactly the same as it was in 1914, except that everybody who was alive and uninjured was five years older. What possible ground was there, therefore, for believing that a ready-made army of young sportsmen would spring up from nowhere capable of taking the places of the men who were foremost before the War? None. So it was that the burden of rebuilding the edifice of sport has fallen upon the older men. Now that the normal processes of development have been resumed the turn of the youngsters will come—perhaps quite soon. Meantime all honour to those who have carried on so gamely while waiting to be reinforced.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN



"Studying art through the medium of 'La Vie Parisienne'"

"INSPIRATION"

MES AMIS—

THERE are the poet and painter friends of mine who, seeking for that bird so elusive, inspiration, must make the long voyages by the crowded train so that they may gaze at the moonlit sea or stand for hours in the Louvre in contemplation of dropsical cherubs balanced on clouds more substantial than the bolster in the bed of a Montmartre hotel. It is the foolish people that they are for the *petit oiseau* on whose tail the pinch of salt they would put is easiest taken when it is not pursued. It is for ever fluttering around, and is to be met in the strangest of places, and in the guises of the most diverse.

TAKE, for example, the case of *mon ami*, Leblanc, whose poem has all Paris set in raptures. Inspiration came to him in the shape of a billow of the daintiest *lingerie* that has ever filled a window in the Rue de la Paix. Leblanc, as you probably know, has the good fortune to pay the *taxe sur les célibataires*. But it was near that he came to losing that privilege a few weeks ago. He was studying art through the medium of *La Vie Parisienne*, when two *petites annonces*, the one printed next to the other, proclaiming to the world that two ladies would like to meet two gentlemen with the view to the marriage. Both these *annonces* ended with the intimation that the *dot* was substantial.

LEBLANC had the longing for a *petit pavillon* at Saint Germain but his *appartement* behind the Eglise de Sainte Clothilde was so expensive that he could not permit himself of the luxury. But the *dot* spelt the way out, and so to the two advertisers did he write, making an appointment for the same hour and the same day. Leblanc in his study was seated when the ring came at his bell, and a moment later his *bonne* his door threw open to admit the greatest contrast in husband-chasers that it was possible to conceive.

"For the *petit oiseau* on whose tail . . . . "

THE one was fat and frowsy and obviously forty; the other demure, dimpled, and dainty and not more than seventeen. Leblanc concluded he had struck the oil, but, unhappily, it was the frowsy one who had the shekels. Her bait was the *dot* of 250,000 francs. Mademoiselle could only offer 100,000. But Leblanc is not short of the resource. He was seized by an idea the most brilliant.

"MESDEMOISELLES," he said, "as you know the husbands to go round are not enough, and the women are what is called the drug on the market. As all the world knows, there is only the one remedy, and the State must soon acknowledge it. It is the polygamy. Why cannot every Frenchman have the two wives! It will come. Meanwhile that I may you conceive of my good faith both your *dots* I will take and be a brother to you." But neither the Mademoiselle Frowsy nor the Mademoiselle Demure was seeking the brother, and before bouncing out of the house they gave Leblanc one piece of each of their minds. That castle in the Saint-Germain air came

(Continued on page 326)

"Le Joli Papillon"

A striking example of M. Jean Cottenet's work in this year's Paris Salon

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)

tumbling about his ears, and in his despair Leblanc made his way to the nearest café and sought the consolation in the good white wine that for all the troubles is the panacea.

WHICH to my story brings me back. It was after his fourth litre of the soothing *Bordeaux blanc* that he found himself in the Rue de la Paix, admiring the billowy lace tumbled in a pile the most bewitching on the background of purple. His eyes to the snowy heap were rivetted. The longer he looked the more he thought of the lost *dot*, and the more he thought of the lost *dot* the sadder did he become.

BUT out of his anguish of spirit was born the inspiration that sent him home to write *Le Mari sans Femme*, the greatest tragedy that has been written since that your Shakespeare wrote *Othello*. Already it has its third edition reached. The bachelor tax he still pays, but in a daintily furnished room in his *pavillon* at Saint-Germain that he has had built out of the profits is a dais on which is heaped the billowy *lingerie* that to him did point the road to wealth and fame.

BUT if the inspiration is a little bird it also can be the will-o'-the-wisp. Is there not the case of the young man with the countenance so *triste* who would the movement have founded for veiling the charms of the beautiful statuary with which our beautiful Paris abounds? Since a long time had his noble idea been with him, but the real inspiration came with the washing of the week which Madame the *blanchisseuse* home to him brought. It was wrapped in the *journal* of London. The sad young man can read the English, and he read that among the stocks of the War that one was anxious to dispose of was the huge quantity of kilts. At once his mind he made up, and, with the aid of the *Bottin de Paris*, he sent out the circulars appealing for the assistance financial for his scheme. Around every statue, he announced, he would wrap the kilt and so spare the blushes of the young and innocent.

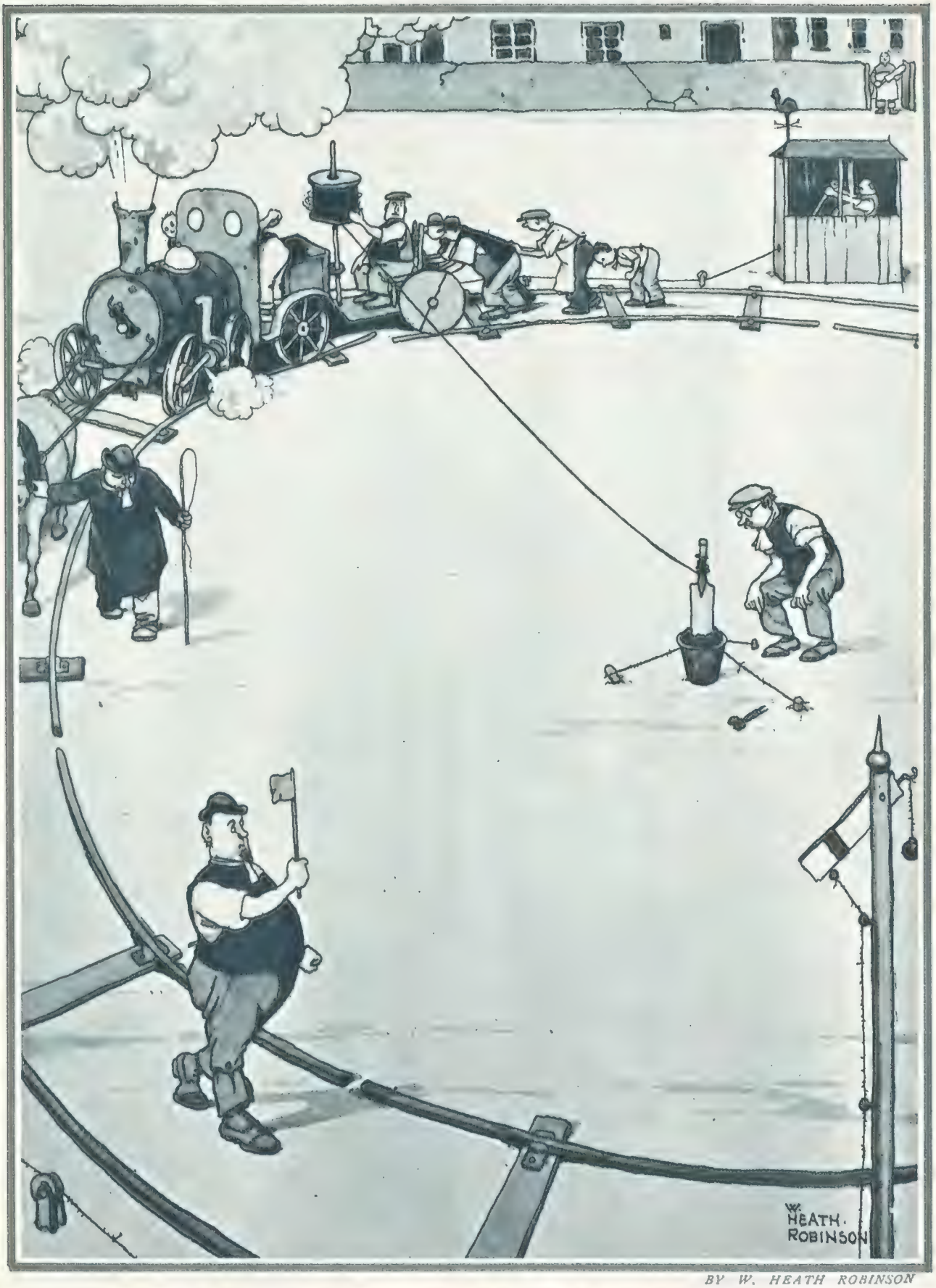
"His eyes to the snowy heap were rivetted"

SHADES of Rodin! Picture to yourself, if you can, *Le Penseur* wearing the tartan of the Gordons, or a Psyche sporting the sporran. *Heureusement*, the sad-looking idealist received only one answer to his appeal. It came in the form of the small parcel in which was a pair of blinkers like those that one puts on the racehorse at Longchamp so that on the winning-post the eye it shall keep.

THE moral of the story with inspiration has nothing to do. It is that answering the advertisements is like sitting on the river bank to make the fishing. You may catch the big fish, but equally you may catch a bad cold. ROLAND

"They gave Leblanc one piece of each of their minds"

How It Is Done



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Completing a cricket-bat handle in the winding grounds of a Bat Factory

HURLINGHAM CLUB

Programme of Principal Events, 1921

POLO, BAND ARRANGEMENTS & OTHER EVENTS

POLO.

*Whit-Monday, May 16. American Team v. Hurlingham (Trial). Social Clubs' Cup (Ties).
Wednesday, May 18. Social Clubs' Cup (Ties).
Thursday, May 19. Social Clubs' Cup (Semi-Final).
Saturday, May 21. Social Clubs' Cup (Final).
Monday, May 23. Whitney Cup commences.
*Wednesday, May 25. International Trial Match, England v. The Rest.
*Saturday, May 28. American Team v. Hurlingham (Trial).
*Saturday, June 4. International Trial Match, England v. The Rest.
Wednesday, June 8. American Team v. Hurlingham, Practice Game (Second Ground).
Saturday, June 11. Polo Pony Show.
***Saturday, June 18. International Test Match, AMERICA v. ENGLAND.**
***Wednesday, June 22. International Test Match, AMERICA v. ENGLAND.**
Thursday, June 23, or Saturday, June 25. Oxford v. Cambridge.
***Saturday, June 25. International Test Match, AMERICA v. ENGLAND.**
Monday, June 27. Champion Cup commences.
Saturday, July 2. Champion Cup (Final).
Monday, July 4. Inter-Regimental Tournament (Semi-Finals).
Saturday, July 9. Inter-Regimental Tournament (Final).
Monday, July 11. Tyro Challenge Cup commences. (Open to any Polo Team whose aggregate handicap does not exceed 15 points and individual handicap 5.)
Saturday, July 16. Tyro Challenge Cup (Final.)
Saturday, July 23. International Match, England v. Ireland. "Patriotic Cup."

PUBLIC ADMISSION.

* The Public will be admitted to view the **Polo on Whit-Monday, May 16,** on the dates of the **International Trial and Test Polo Matches, May 16, 25, 28, June 4, 18, 22, and 25,** and other dates. Full particulars will be advertised later.

Sole Booking Agent for Seats to view the **International Polo Matches,** and on other dates: ALFRED HAYS, 26, Old Bond Street, W.1, and 80, Cornhill, E.C. 3, to whom all applications must be sent.

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS.

Grass Court Open Tournament, July 25 to July 30. Entry forms on application to the Tennis Secretary, Hurlingham Club.

CROQUET TOURNAMENTS.

"The Inter-County Championship" commences Monday, June 6.

"The Inter-Club Championship" commences Monday, May 23.

The "Club" Croquet Tournament (for Members and Associates of Hurlingham Club and Relations nominated by them).

A CROQUET TOURNAMENT, open to all Members of the Croquet Association, and to Members and Associates of the Hurlingham Club, will commence on Monday, August 1, 1921. Also **"The Ladies' Field" Tournament.**

DANCING (10 p.m.—2 a.m.).

Commencing THURSDAY, MAY 12. A Dance will be held every Thursday until further notice. Tickets, One Guinea each, can be obtained by Members only, on application to the Secretary, and include Dinner, which will be served at 8 p.m., and Light Buffet.

An Informal Dance will be held on Saturday, May 14, and on every Saturday from 9.30-12 p.m., until further notice. Members can obtain Tickets for these Dances in advance from the Secretary, or on the night of the Dance from the Cashier at the entrance to the Dance Room. Tickets, 10s. each, including Light Buffet.

BANDS.

The Band of His Majesty's Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) will play on every Saturday, commencing May 21, from 3.30 to 6 p.m., and other days to be advertised.

The Hurlingham Club Orchestra (under the direction of Mr. Bernard Filer) will play from Saturday, May 14. Wednesdays, 4—6.15; Saturdays, 4—6.15 and 8.30—10.30 p.m.; Sundays, 4—6.15 and 8.30—10.30 p.m. On Sundays from May 29 to July 10 the Hurlingham Club Orchestra will play during Luncheon from 1.30 to 3 p.m.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:

Club House - Putney 212. Manager & Secretary's Office - Putney 144
Polo Pavilion - Putney 470. Tennis & Croquet Pavilion - Putney 1188

ROEHAMPTON CLUB.

Preliminary Programme of CHIEF EVENTS arranged for Season 1921 (Subject to Alteration).

NOTICE.

*** All Ladies Free White Vouchers will be suspended and all Visitors holding Pink or White Vouchers will be liable to the Gate Ruling on the day.**

MAY. POLO.

SAT. 7. **England v. Roehampton.**
WED. 11. **America v. Roehampton.***
SAT. 14. **America v. Roehampton.***
WED. 18. **America v. Roehampton.***
SAT. 21. **England v. Roehampton.**
MON. 23. Whitney Cup commences.
WED. 25. Entries close for Roehampton Open Challenge Cup.
SAT. 28. **Whitney Cup Final.**
MON. 30. Roehampton Open Challenge Cup commences.

JUNE.

WED. 1. **America v. Roehampton.***
Entries close Roehampton Junior Championship.
FRI. 3. **Gymkhana** (open to Ladies and Men).
SAT. 4. **Roehampton Open Challenge Cup Final.**
MON. 6. Roehampton Junior Championship commences.
TUES. 7. The "Polo" Ball.
WED. 8. **England v. Roehampton.**
SAT. 11. **America v. Roehampton.***
Roehampton Junior Championship Final.
ASCOT WEEK.
MON. 13. **America v. Roehampton.***
WED. 15. **England v. Roehampton.**
WED. 22. Entries close Public Schools Cup.
FRI. 24. **Gymkhana** (open to Ladies and Men).
MON. 27. Public Schools Cup commences.
WED. 29. Entries close for the Roehampton Cup.

JULY.

SAT. 2. **Public Schools Cup Final.**
MON. 4. Roehampton Cup commences.
WED. 6. Entries close for Ladies' Nomination Tournament.
FRI. 8. **Gymkhana** (open to Ladies and Men).
SAT. 9. **Roehampton Cup Final.**
MON. 11. Ladies' Nomination Tournament commences.
SAT. 16. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Final.**

JUNE. LAWN TENNIS.

MON. 13-18. **Third Annual Open (Grass Court) Tournament.***

JULY.

SAT. 9-17. **Members' (Grass Court) Tournament.**

SEPT.

MON. 19-24. **Autumn Open (Hard Court) Tournament.**

CROQUET.

MON., MAY 16. Peel Memorials.
MON., JUNE 27. Croquet Championships.
MON., JULY 11. Gold Medals.
MON., AUG. 15. { Champion Cup. / Ladies' Champion Cup.
MON., SEPT. 12. Gilbey Cup.
MON., SEPT. 19. Challenge Cups.

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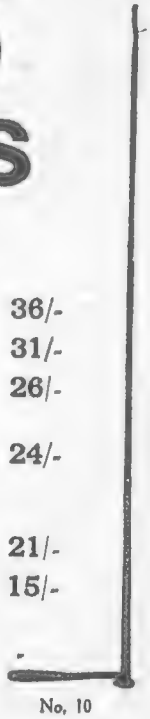

No. 10

G. & J. ZAIR, 115, Bishop St., Birmingham.

The Galloping Game

by Arthur W. Coaten.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE ENGLAND TEAM AT TIDWORTH PREPARING FOR THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL TUSSLE WITH AMERICA

Will England Beat America?

THE coming matches for the International Polo Cup form one of the greatest sporting events of the year, and are sure to arouse no end of excitement next month. No effort has been spared either in this country or America to put the strongest possible teams into the field, mounted on the pick of the ponies at the disposal of both nations. It is not too much to say that preparations for the International matches have never been so complete or so far-reaching as they are on the present occasion. I remember that when Mr. Whitney's team visited this country in 1909 scarcely anything was done to repel the "invasion" until the London season had fairly started. The consequence was that our organisation left much to be desired, and we paid the penalty by losing the cup.

The Fate of the Cup

IT proved a very tough job to get it back again. Hardress Lloyd's team failed in 1911, Ritson's enterprise in the following year was equally unsuccessful, and it was left to "Rattle" Barrett's team to recapture the trophy rather unexpectedly just before the War. If we lose the cup again this time it will not be because we have not made every effort to marshal our forces in ample time. The Hurlingham Club, the custodians of the cup, upon whom now falls the burden of defending it, have certainly not made the mistake of under-estimating the formidable nature of the test to which British polo is to be put. The arrangements made to combat the American challenge have received general approval. It is difficult, indeed, to perceive in which manner they could have been improved upon. Early last year a Selection Committee was formed so that the best players and the best ponies could be chosen. Major Vivian Lockett, one of the strongest players in the English team of 1914, was appointed captain and given a free hand in building up the new side.

Picking the England Team

A NUMBER of trial games were played, but they were not particularly satisfactory. The reason was that it was impossible to mount the players as they will be mounted in the International matches; but as a result of those games it was clearly indicated that three men—Lord Wodehouse,

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN

A happy snapshot of Major Vivian Lockett with his little sons, who already handle polo sticks

THE GALLOPING GAME (continued)

Colonel H. A. Tomkinson, and Major Lockett himself—were worthy of their places against America. All of them have had International experience. Colonel Tomkinson did very well as No. 1 at Meadow Brook in 1914. He was badly wounded in the arm during the War, and for some time it was doubtful whether this would not prevent him from getting back to his old form. But he put up some dashing displays last year at Hurlingham, and it is generally admitted that there is not a better No. 1 in the country.

Our No. 1

Besides being a particularly fine horseman, "Mouse" Tomkinson is a tremendous worker, and is always on the ball. He never allows the opposing back to snatch any breathing spaces if he can help it, and he possesses those qualities of dash and quickness which are indispensable for the International polo-player. Perhaps he is not the longest hitter or even the most accurate striker of goals among front-rank players, but I confess I do not know of a better all-round No. 1. Certainly he was the most successful of the players who were tried in this position last season. The greatest trouble has been in finding a really strong No. 2. Naturally it has not been easy to fill the gap caused by the death of Leslie Cheape, one of the greatest polo-players who ever lived, who individually did a great deal towards bringing the matches of 1914 to a successful issue from our point of view.

Searching for a Forward

At least half a dozen men could be named who might fill the position of No. 2 against America with tolerable success. Unfortunately, not one of them stands out clearly above the others, and so the Selection Committee have found it a knotty problem so far to fill this place to their satisfaction. Lord Dalmeny did well last year. I confess that I attributed his success largely to the fact that he was magnificently mounted. He possesses

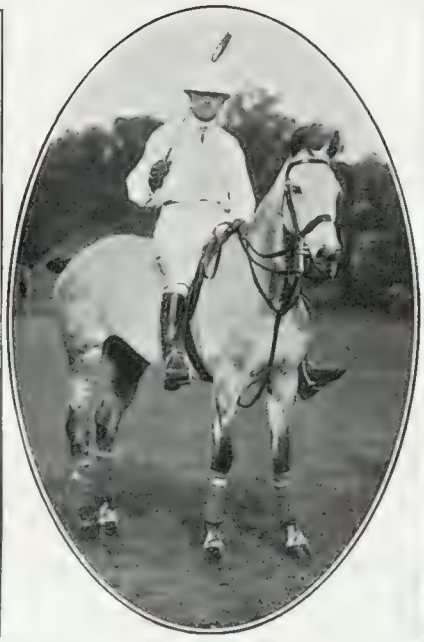
Photograph *Sport and General*

OUR PROBABLE LINE UP IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCHES

Left to Right: Col. H. A. Tomkinson, Lord Dalmeny, Lord Wodehouse, and Major V. Lockett. England's side has not yet been definitely settled, but these four players are the most likely starters

MR. T. HITCHCOCK

The youngest of International players. He promises to become one of the greatest forwards in the world



MR. LOUIS E. STODDARD

This player has already had experience of International polo and is a very sound, hard-hitting No. 1

MR. J. WATSON WEBB

A left-handed exponent is a novelty in International polo. Mr. Webb earned his place in the team by brilliant work in the American tournaments last year

a beautiful stud of ponies of his own, and was thus at a great advantage compared with several other players who were mounted indifferently. It seems, however, that Lord Dalmeny has been showing just as good form in the practice games at Tidworth during the past few weeks as he did in several trial games in London last season.

Captain Williams's Promise

THOSE who saw Captain A. H. Williams, of the Central India Horse, help his regiment to win the chief tournament in Egypt, declare confidently that he has all the makings of a really great forward. Well, we shall see. It is quite certain that Captain Williams will be given a complete trial, and his form is being watched with the closest possible attention by everyone interested in polo. This much can be said: that coming from the fast grounds of India and Egypt, Captain Williams is unlikely to be disconcerted by the tremendous pace at which the International matches are played. On the other hand, it has to be borne in mind that he is unused to the comparatively slow grounds on which polo is usually played in this country. I imagine that he would be much handicapped if we happen to have wet weather prior to the International matches. No player of purely Eastern experience of polo could be expected to shine on the

(Continued on page 334)

MR. DEVEREUX MILBURN

This characteristic picture shows the great American back shaping for a near-side backhander. He will captain the visiting team

AMERICA'S BIG POLO SIX

From whom the International Team will be selected

Photographs

MR. EARL HOPPING

One of the American reserves. He is a very fine all-round player

W. A. Rouch

MR. C. C. RUMSEY

This player has proved himself a very smart forward and there is very little to choose between him and Mr. Stoddard

"ONE UP O

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

ON BOGEY"

THE GALLOPING GAME (continued)

Hurlingham ground if it should cut up badly after the first chukker. I sincerely hope that these conditions will not apply to the big games. But we can never be certain of the weather of an English summer. We ought to be prepared for the contingency of soft ground at Hurlingham. The probability is that Lord Dalmeny would prove himself to be the stronger player of the two if the turf was not on the hard side. Another point which must be taken into consideration is the fact that Lord Dalmeny will have his own ponies to ride, whereas Captain Williams would be mounted on ponies bigger and heavier than those to which he has been accustomed in the East. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether he can quickly adapt himself to the conditions of English grounds and English ponies.

The Defence

OBVIOUSLY Major Lockett and the other members of the Selection Committee have a task of much delicacy in choosing between the eligible forwards. Happily, there is not much doubt as to the defence of the team. Lord Wodehouse and Major Lockett are two of the finest backs in polo to-day. It has been questioned whether it is advisable to play two men who have hitherto usually been occupied in the position of "back." And it has been urged that a regular No. 3, such as Major Barrett, should be found for the English side. I admit the point is one which cannot be disregarded. At the same time I have sufficient confidence in Major Lockett's adaptability to believe that he will make as efficient a No. 3 as he is a "back." I believe, indeed, that England's defence, as it is now formed, will prove exceedingly powerful. The two men are tremendous hitters and can be depended upon to give their forwards every opportunity of going through with the ball, added to which they both have a fine conception of the advantages of turning defence into attack at every available opportunity.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

PRINCE HENRY

A player who promises well. His Royal Highness helped Cambridge University to beat Oxford in the Annual Match at Hurlingham last year

The Trial Games

SO far as can be predicted at the moment, then, England's team will comprise Tomkinson at one, Dalmeny or Williams at two, Lockett at three, and Wodehouse at back. They are to be put to some exceedingly rigid tests during the next few weeks. Mr. Buckmaster will bring a team against them which is strong enough to take on any International formation.

(Continued on page 336)

THE FIRST GAME OF POLO IN ENGLAND IN 1869 By Lionel Edwards

Our artist gives an impression of one of the first polo matches played in this country, when the army teams used hockey sticks and a white cricket ball

Specialists in all Kit for Polo Players.

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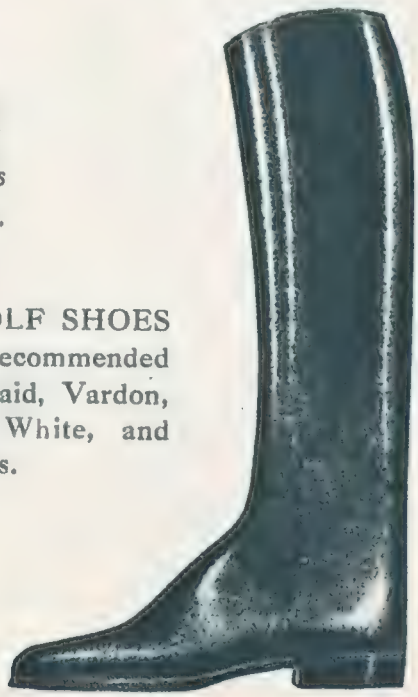

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THE GALLOPING GAME (*concluded*)

LORD ROCKSAVAGE

One of the hardest hitters and best-mounted players in the country. He did well in the trial games last season

Major Harrison will also have a very good team to play in the trial matches, so we shall soon perceive whether there are any weak spots in Major Lockett's outfit. The Americans have organised their resources just as carefully as we have done. In order that their ponies should become properly acclimatised they took the precaution of sending the whole stud to this country at the beginning of the year. For three months the ponies were gradually brought into condition at Tidworth, and during April they were quartered at the Royal stables at Hampton, whence they were taken several times a week to be played in practice games on Major Cecil Peters's fine private grounds at Sunbury. By this means it has been possible to bring the American stud into fine condition, and whatever may be said of the players it is at least certain that the teams will be superbly mounted next month.

The Visitors

IT is not to be supposed that the Americans are quite so strong in *personnel* as they were in 1909. The team which Mr. Whitney led to victory was, perhaps, the finest ever seen. The combination of the brothers Waterbury was artistic in the extreme, and we have had nothing in this country to compare with it. Mr. Whitney was the master mind of the team, and proved himself a most accomplished leader. In Mr. Milburn they had a back of mighty powers, and the whole combination was extraordinarily strong. In fact, I think I am right in saying that it was never beaten. Even the Americans agree that it would be expecting too much to hope to produce the equal of the Big Four this year. They are confident, all the same, that the team which is now in this country will prove worthy of upholding the best traditions of American polo.

A Strong Team

MR. MILBURN is the only one who remains of the old invincible combination. He is still a tower of strength, and we look forward with pleasure to seeing those wonderful drives and smashing back-handers which he has at his command. In front of him he will have Mr. J. Watson Webb, a left-handed player who comes with a great reputation from Meadow Brook. At No. 2 is that remarkable young player, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, who, even at the age of seventeen, was able to hold his own in the game with many of the leading players of America. He has developed into a grand forward, and good judges say that in due course he will be the best in the world. It is, of course, open to doubt whether he will not be handicapped in the coming matches by lack of experience. But his countrymen have full confidence in his ability to rise to the occasion. At No. 1 the visitors can choose between Mr. Louis Stoddard, who is no stranger to this country and is a steady player of ripe experience in the game, and Mr. C. C. Rumsey, who achieved much distinction in the leading American tournaments last autumn, and is a very dashing forward. One of the spare men of the team is

LORD DALMENY AND LORD WODEHOUSE

Both were diligently practising for the great matches at Tidworth last month

SKETCHES BY "THE TOUT"

Here are three of the players, Major "Rattle" Barrett, Major Vivian Lockett, and Colonel H. A. Tomkinson, who helped to regain the International Cup at Meadow Brook in 1914. The fourth member of that team, Major Leslie Cheape, fell in the War

Mr. Earl W. Hopping, a fine horseman, who plays well in almost any position in the game.

England's Good Chance

IT is clear that the Americans have a powerful formation, but my opinion is that if the luck of the games is fairly evenly divided we shall keep the cup in this country for another spell. Thanks to the visit of the Americans the London polo season now started looks like being a great success. We shall see much fine play at Ranelagh and Roehampton, as well as at Hurlingham, and all the clubs are doing their best to give the visitors a really good time. There will be a big day at Hurlingham on Whit-Monday, when the public will be admitted to the ground to see the American team play a trial game against a strong club side. The Hurlingham people are greatly to be congratulated upon the enterprising policy they have pursued in enabling non-members to watch the best polo matches. The public have been quick to pick up the finer points of the game, and it was delightful to watch the enthusiasm which they displayed in the trial matches last summer. The usual tournaments will be played at Hurlingham, including the final stages of the Inter-Regimental.

Roehampton Prospects

A SPLENDID programme has been prepared for the Roehampton Club, where the Messrs. Miller have always contrived to put on highly interesting polo. In other directions the youngest of the big London clubs is going strongly ahead. In all it possesses thirty-four grass and hard courts for lawn tennis, and the excellent policy is followed of resting all the grass courts for a fortnight before the chief tournaments. There is stabling here for ninety polo ponies, together with excellent accommodation for the grooms and general staff. Roehampton will be the scene this season of the final of the Whitney Cup, a popular tournament which was instituted to commemorate the visit of the American Big Four to this country in 1909. Then there is the Junior Championship and the two Roehampton cups, so there will be any amount of first-class polo to be seen at this club. A. W. C.

A Study in Yellow

BY J. CHICHELE PLOWDEN

It came suddenly, a message on the telephone. I was to be at the studio at midnight.

What more romantic hour could have been chosen for my *début* in the cinematograph world? Nay, more, I was to take the part of a Duke's private secretary. Under what more auspicious patronage could I for the first time face the camera?

Bring just an ordinary suit of clothes, they had said.

But, no, My Duke was no ordinary Duke, I was convinced, and I was determined to be no ordinary private secretary. Just an ordinary suit would not do.

I flung open my wardrobe and took out my other suit.

A beautiful pre-War blue serge, the hall-mark of Savile Row in every crease.

When I arrived at the studio on the stroke of midnight, on the third stroke to be accurate, for I did not wish to appear over anxious, the first thing I had to do was to make up. I had this explained to me, and it appeared to be quite simple.

Just rub a little yellow grease-paint all over the face, that was all, and so I made my way to the dressing-room and proceeded to change into my beautiful pre-War blue suit, and then to cover my face with yellow.

o

Ready at last. The scene was set, and if it had been possible I should have turned pale. The Duke was seated at his writing-table in his study, beautifully panelled in black oak, the study, that is, not the Duke.

He, like me, was beautifully inlaid in yellow.

It was for me to knock at the door, not wait for an answer (but allow the Duke time to raise his ducal head as if disturbed by a knock—I was gripped by the realism of it all), enter, and murmur deferentially—but not too much so, because he was no ordinary Duke and I was no ordinary private secretary—"Your brother, sir."

o

We are off. The camera is whirring and the lights are blazing. My cue, I knock, enter, and close the door behind me. "Your brother, sir." Exit. It is over. The night's work is done. I am an artist. A paid one. I seize my Bradbury, the reward of my labours, and, inwardly praying that five large yellow finger-prints on the Duke's ancestral study door will not be noticed, hurry away home.

And now the great question is what will the result be? How will it turn out? A success or a failure? I wonder.

But I expect the answer will be in the negative.

WOULDN'T IT? By Elsa Courlander

Caddy (*watching unsuccessful golfer miss her third swing*): "Wouldn't cost her no more not if she played with new-laid eggs"

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

According to Mr. Edmond Dulac, the standard of taste in England is higher than in any other country. The credit of this, of course, is due to the Liquor Control Board.

* * * *

Dr. Lasker, on resigning in the fifteenth game of the world's chess championship, stated that the heat had hampered his playing. That is the worst of these strenuous sports.

* * * *

"Germany ready to take over Allied Debt to America."—Head line.

We don't mind where she takes it, as long as we are not expected to pay carriage.

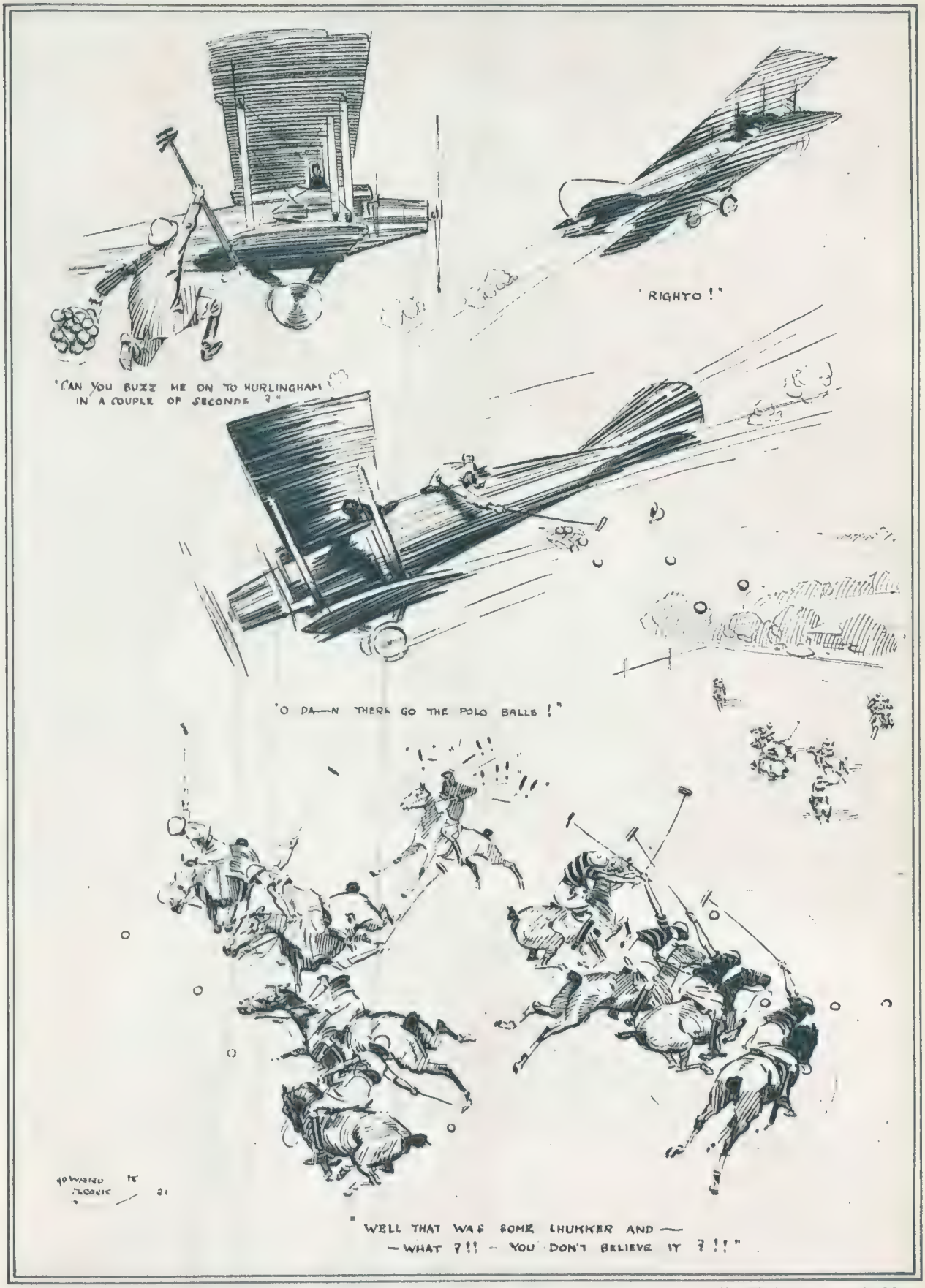
* * * *

A fifteenth century suit of armour was sold recently at Christie's. The purchaser is said to be an Income Tax collector in a mining district.

* * * *

"No Bid for the Empire."—Newspaper headline. If Ireland was included, we are not surprised.

The Ball-shevik



BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A PLANE TALE ABOUT POLO

"On Toast"

Photograph MISS JOAN PICKERING *Foulsham and Banfield*

A clever young dancer now appearing in that clever burlesque "Faust on Toast" at the Gaiety. Miss Pickering, though still in her 'teens, is an exhibition dancer of decided flair

DON Q AT THE APOLLO

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

MOST people have heard of Don Q. (He is not to be confused with the Quixotic chap.) The Q. is the initial of a Spanish word signifying a bird of prey; and in the book illustrations Don Q. is shown as having a nose like the beak of a nawk—I beg pardon, a hawk. At the beginning of the play Don Q. is Don Cæsar, Count of Taraza (the fellow who adds "boom-de-ay" should be shot), a soldier of rank attached to the Court at Madrid. He is compelled to become an outlaw and a brigand owing to a miscarriage of justice which makes him out a guilty man, when he is innocent. I sympathised with him very much because I was once innocent myself. Don Cæsar is in love with the fair Doña Dolores de Vayo. Mr. F. J. Nettlefold, who takes this dashing part, is excellent as long as he is the man of action; but his love-making seems a little artificial. Even when, as happens occasionally, he has to take the girl in his arms and give her a hug or so, he gives the impression that he is doing it as part of a one-two-three-four military exercise. I speak from a necessarily vague memory on such a subject of course; but my impression is that even in the prim Victorian era we were more demonstrative in England than Don Cæsar is to-day in old Madrid. And the *señoritas de España* have never been famous for frigidity

THE trouble arose about Little Willie—or a foreign prince of much the same stamp. Prince Paul is a royal guest at the Spanish Court, and Don Cæsar and Don Sebastian are his official bodyguard. They have got to protect him from assassination and other forms of unpleasantness to which foreign princes are unhappily liable on occasion. But this is no easy matter. Prince Paul is not at all a nice chap. He drinks too much; and when he goes double-or-quits at the card-table, and loses, he becomes offensive and insulting. He treats Don Sebastian with such boorishness that he raises quite a problem in Court etiquette. For instance, if a foreign prince of the blood is purposely rude to you, ought you to hit him, or just go and tell his mother? As it happens Prince Paul leaves Sebastian no alternative. He draws his sword and—*Madre de Dios!*—he'll show the fellow. Sebastian has no weapon of his own but Cæsar's sword is on the table and he fights with that. If you can call it a fight. It lasts about the same time as a boxing match between two champions of the world—say twenty seconds, and no money back. Prince Paul gets it in the neck in the first round and perishes miserably on the Turkey carpet. Sebastian at once rushes for a doctor, telling everybody that it is Cæsar who killed the prince. If you doubt it you have only to look at his sword. And the Court Chamberlain comes in and looks at Cæsar's sword and says that that is undoubtedly the

princely blood upon it. Dark blue stains, no doubt.

CÆSAR is invited to kill himself, though, before he can jab his sword into a vital part, Doña Dolores bids him hold his hand for her sake. But they are coming to arrest him! Whither can he fly? He rushes to the window. The river runs below it in full flood at the rate of about ten thousand gallons a second, representing the risk of a jerky death in its most certain and conclusive form. But there is no other way. One fond embrace—*adios, querida mia!*—and he very literally takes the plunge. Everybody says he could not possibly escape death; and Sebastian is so sure of it that he promptly begins to make love to Cæsar's Doña, though it need hardly be said that he is wasting time. The heroine of a romantic drama who spurns the love of another, and remains true to her hero, knows perfectly well that she is backing a certainty.

THEN we see Cæsar as Don Q., the scourge of the mountains, looking very like his portrait on the cover of the book. He is the leader of a band of outlaws, and a price has been put on his head. But although he steals and does a bit of killing occasionally when hard pressed, he has many friends in the countryside. Like Robin Hood, he takes from the rich to give to the poor, and that seems to be an infallible recipe for winning the love and esteem of poor people. But the excitement turns chiefly round the threatened fate of one of his men, Robledo. Outlaw though he be, mark you! Don Q. has never been known to desert a pal. The question of the rescue is complicated by the fact that Robledo is in the innermost cell of the city prison, under a double guard; while Don Q. cannot get near the city gates without himself being arrested. On the films I suppose they would have Robledo rescued by aeroplane, or by dashing a railway train into the prison walls and picking their man out of the wreckage; but Don Q. prefers to set about his job in the old romantic way, and he contrives to make it a very interesting one.

THERE is that terrible fellow, Colonel Matsado, who did big things in Cuba, and had an eye knocked out while he was doing them. He has been sent from Madrid for the purpose of running Don Q. to earth; and, of course, it will be only a matter of hours now. And then the first thing he knows is that Don Q. is standing over him with a loaded revolver, commanding him to take off his decorative tunic; while a faithful retainer ties the Colonel's arms up to prevent him from becoming troublesome. Don Q., as he gets into the Colonel's clothes does not positively say that he is going to have Robledo out of jail in a quarter of an hour or so; but you gather from his self-confident manner that it will not take very much longer to effect the desired release. As the poet has said, Stone walls do not a prison make, especially when the daring brigand of a play has sworn to set free an old and dear friend who happens to be on the wrong side of them.

DON Q. carries out his bluff with a fine swaggering skill, and the method by which he extracts Robledo from his prison cell, and escapes to the mountains with him, makes a very interesting story. Mr. Nettlefold is well supported by Miss Dorothy Dix as the Doña Dolores, while Mr. H. St. Barbe West manages to make the unhappy Prince Paul a living character. A little comedy is well introduced by Mr. J. Sebastian Smith as a provincial Governor, while Mr. William Stack gives a sturdy performance as the erratic Don Sebastian. JINGLE

BY MACMICHAEL

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF "DON Q" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

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THE MAKERS OF
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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *May* 9

DEAR COUSIN—

I WONDER if you've ever learnt to drive a car, have you? 'Cos it really is one of *the* most exciting (as well as instructive) things in this whole strange and odd and humdrum and stupid, and yet all the same all the time, infinitely fascinating world. Not to mention that with coal strikes and things on, and trains being cut down to nothing, or less, right and left, it's positively our duty, isn't it, to study and cultivate other means of locomotion, what?

"A shade nervous"

卐 卐

MUST say I felt just a *shade* nervous very first time I was put down opposite a steering-wheel and told to do my very worst. Such a frightful lot of things there are to think about all the time, and while you're worrying about all the speeds and clutches, and accelerators and brakes and things, quite likely you quite forget all about steering, and. . . . Well, that's what happened to me, anyway, and it really was a mercy the fence we crashed through wasn't a very solid one, or very expensive, either!

卐 卐

BUT when you really do get the hang of it and into the swing of it there's nothing, I think, that gives you the sense of power (and what's sweeter in the world than that, except just one thing, perhaps?) like running all on your own a perfectly good car, which will respond to anything you ask it to do, and stop dead or rush ahead at forty miles an hour or so, just according as you wish *and* give the right touch to the mere mechanical means provided for that purpose. Such a pity, though, it can't all be done by volition, without worrying about any of the handles and pedals and all the rest of it, that prevent you properly enjoying the scenery even when you're doing your very best in the driving line. *N'est-ce pas?*

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CERTAINLY rather looks as if we shall all have to take to driving cars or 'planes or *something* soon, doesn't it? what with the train services cut down to half or less, and no one knowing what'll happen next time in the way of transport crises, even if they manage to patch this one up just temporarily, and while the strikers take time to think over what they really want, and whether a mere ten million or so offer from the Government is worth a moment's consideration. Even push-bikes, they say, are rapidly going up in price—and rooms at the very brightest hotel in Brighton can be got at any moment without even putting yourself down on the waiting-list.

卐 卐

IT'S the start of the season, of course, really, this start of the merrie month of May—or should be. From time immemorial May the first has been a date of the utmost importance in our social and sporting calendar. It means the opening of the Season, in the way of official entertainments and parties and all that sort of thing. Last week, for instance, we were to have had the first of the Courts at Buckingham Palace, which do, after all, inaugurate the general summer rush of shows, whatever the modern Bolshies may say. Royalty still sets the pace, and can make or mar a season by its presence or absence.

"Parties"

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BUT the *débutantes* have had to wait. . . Always, and ever tactfully, feeling the pulse of the little world which is theirs, industrial as well as social, Royalty decided (rightly) that the position was a parlous one, too parlous for any mere ceremonial, such as presentations, to be carried on with the usual wealth of lavish and picturesque extravagance until the future became more settled. Many hostesses, too—following the Royal lead—cancelled or postponed their parties, in hopes, of course, of a better time to come later on.

卐 卐

WHATEVER happens, though, rather a consolation, isn't it? to know that sport, at least,

will proceed, as usual, in spite of all the efforts of miners and people, to

Grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,

and

Remould it nearer to their hearts' desire . . .

卐 卐

ALL the same, sport, as I was saying—that, at least, is having its usual, customary, ordinary, and even, perhaps, a rather extraordinarily good send-off in these opening weeks of a rather extraordinarily good opening month of the summer season. For it really *is* summer now, isn't it? even though by the time you read this it may be raining or freezing, or snowing or hailing, or something. And cricket has started, and polo is what they call "in full swing"—stimulated, I suppose, by the prospect of the cup matches at Hurlingham next month, and the presence of the tall American team who threaten to snatch the cup once more from us. . . .

"Henry Smith, whose chief recommendation is that he does paint rather well"

卐 卐

OH, and, by the way, the Academy, that earliest usher of the season—it's opened its doors all right, anyway, and given such benediction as it can to the round of alleged "gaieties" whereof it is traditionally supposed to be the pioneer and precursor. And been quite smart and up-to-date and revolutionary about it, too . . . for Burlington House, that is. Lots of "new blood" in the show, *par exemple*, and (astonishing to relate) lots of the old stagers cut right out—to the amazed and petrified indignation of their friends and colleagues. "Artists of reputation and distinction," writes one furious protester, "who have continuously exhibited for ten, twenty, or forty years have been ruthlessly thrown, aside." And meanwhile "a girl of fifteen has two drawings on the line."

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ISN'T it too frightfully frightful? Dear darling old Alfred Stickinthemud, who has been showing his celebrated seascapes for ten, twenty, or forty years, always the same, and everyone knew just exactly what to expect and was never disappointed—Alfred (together with his friend Edward, accomplished limner of swat historical subject-pictures like Rosamund being murdered in her Bower, and so on) has been washed out, rejected, banished, not merely from the proud position in the big room which he thought was traditionally his, but from the whole exhibition altogether. And Henry Smith, whose chief recommendation is that he really does paint rather well in a rude and unacademic sort of way—he's got no less than three pictures in, and, what's more, actually on the line.

卐 卐

ABSOLUTE Bolshevism, isn't it? But, oh! aren't these artists too lovely and funny and serious about it all, the way they feel perfectly convinced (and say so) that the world must shortly be coming to an end because their pictures don't get proper notice taken of them and that sort of thing. Almost as lovely and funny as actors and actresses are about *their* frightfully important affairs, aren't they, what?

卐 卐

STILL, never mind, the world (as someone once remarked) goes on just the same, in spite of interludes and interruptions. The season, whatever happens, has begun, even if it's only in a comparatively quiet way. There are dances. . . . The Crown Prince of Japan is seeing London. . . . The Spains are expected. . . . Lord's, the Oval, Ranelagh, Hurlingham, Roehampton, are full every fine day of lunchers and diners, not to mention players of lawn tennis and golf and polo and croquet and all the other seasonable games which, this summer (and I suppose it really *is* summer time now), are being pursued, it seems, more assiduously than ever yet in the memory of man—or woman.

"At the Roof Garden"

卐 卐

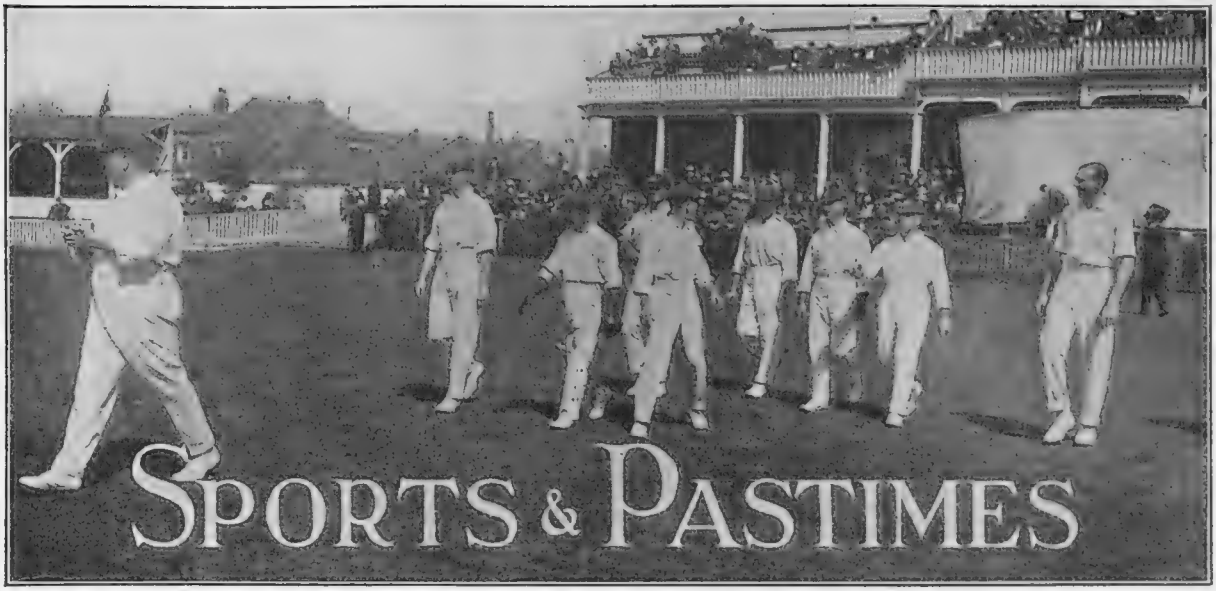
AND as for dancing—well, don't think (spite of strikes and things) there's *much* of a falling-off in the numbers of them that fox-trot or one-step for waltz at Ciro's, or the Grafton, or the Roof Garden, or the Embassy, or wherever it may be, to "Mon Homme," or "The Yodel Dodel Doh," or "Sweet Mamma," or "Mighty Like a Rose," or any other of the dance tunes of the moment. Wasn't, anyway, last time *I* had a dance—which was just before my accident. I *did* tell you I'd been learning to drive a car, didn't I?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE.

An Automatic Solution—

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

—Of an Ever-Present Problem



Photograph] THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN BATTLE ARRAY [*Central News*

The Australian cricketers, led by their captain, W. W. Armstrong, taking the field for the first match of their tour at Leicester against Leicestershire. They started in sensational fashion by taking a wicket with the first ball bowled, and eventually won by an innings and 152 runs

THE BUSIEST CRICKET SEASON ON RECORD

THE cricket season upon which we are now embarking is, by common consent, going to be about the busiest on record. Whether it is also going to be one of the brightest and best remains to be seen. The one does not necessarily follow from the other. Doubts, in fact, have already been expressed as to whether things are not going to be a bit too strenuous for real enjoyment. The visit of the Australians, coming as it does upon the top of an already inflated county championship programme, has distended the fixture list almost to bursting point, and there will be many occasions on which players and spectators alike will be wishing that they could be in two places at once.

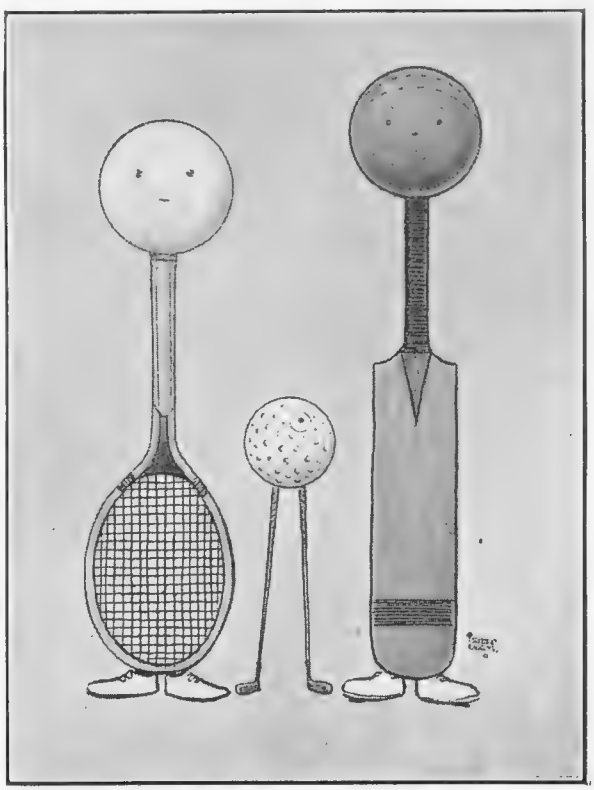
THE Test matches, and, in a lesser degree, the doings of the Australians generally — they will be playing almost continuously until nearly the middle of September — will, of course, overshadow everything else. Because of this the County Championship will not be a matter of quite such absorbing interest as usual. Moreover, the fact that England will have first claim upon the services of every county player will rob it of some of its significance, for the counties whose best men are just not good enough for inclusion in the England team will have a slight, but, in certain eventualities, appreciable, pull over rival counties whose best men will be wanted for the Test matches. Ardent Surreyites, for instance, will tremble in their shoes when the Surrey eleven takes the field without Hobbs, and possibly without P. G. H. Fender and Strudwick.

THE dates of the five Test matches are as follows:— May 28 at Nottingham, June 11 at Lord's, July 2 at Leeds, July 23 at Manchester, and August 13 at the Oval. With the exception of F. G. Kellaway all the members of the side which defeated our men so decisively in Australia have come over, and if cricket were not such a delightfully elusive game the chances of our being able to turn the tables would hardly be worth discussing.

EVEN as it is, the most thorough-paced optimist must admit that the odds against us are heavy. There is, however, one point which is apt to be overlooked. England's eleven will be playing at home in their own climate, and under conditions to which they are accustomed. In Australia I think it may fairly be said that our men were a good deal handicapped by the heat, which must have been doubly trying after such a summer

(*Continued on page 350*)

IN FOR A ROUGH TIME—



By Alfred Leete

—FIVE MONTHS' HARD LABOUR

GOOGLIALITIES. By A. A. Mailey

"IN THE EVENT OF CONTINUED STRIKES, WE MAY BE COMPELLED TO ENTERTAIN THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND IN VARIOUS WAYS"

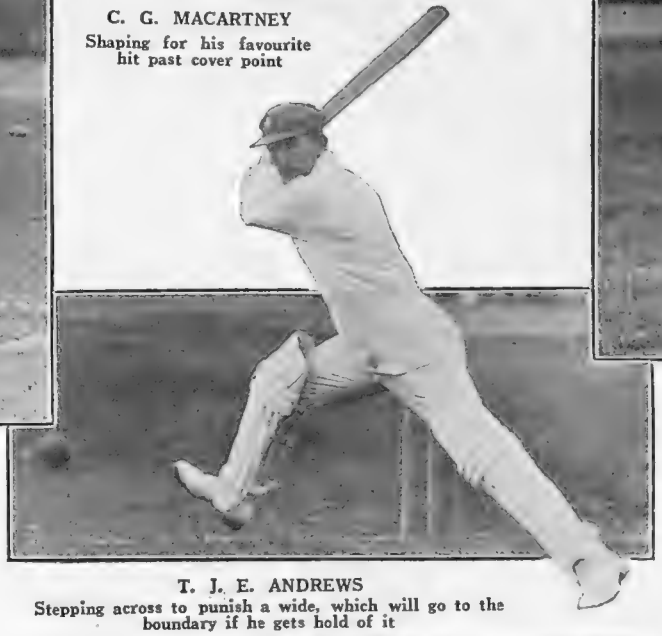
[The first of an exclusive weekly series which the famous Australian bowler and artist will contribute to "The Bystander" throughout the cricket season. Macartney, Gregory, and the artist himself will be easily recognised]

as we had in this country last year. The Australians, on the other hand, may reasonably be expected to find our wickets—or some of them—less to their liking than their own.

TWELVE GOOD MEN
The Australians Specially

C. G. MACARTNEY
Shaping for his favourite hit past cover point

H. CARTER
"How's that?" He has just stumped the batsman



T. J. E. ANDREWS
Stepping across to punish a wide, which will go to the boundary if he gets hold of it

A. A. MAILEY
About to deliver a googlie. The grip by which he imparts spin to the ball is clearly seen

BETTER men for the job than Messrs. H. K. Foster, R. H. Spooner, and J. Daniell, who form the Selection Committee, could hardly have been appointed. It strikes me as somewhat quaint that they should have solemnly been given power to consult the man whom they select as captain of the side which they are forming, and also two professionals, one from the South and one from the North, because you can hardly prevent a selection committee from seeking advice in any quarter they please; they are not shut up like a jury when "considering their verdict." However, they now know, at any rate, the sort of people whom the Board of Control wants them to consult. I am hoping that they will give full consideration to the undoubted claims of P. G. H. Fender for the post of captain of the team. His capacity for getting the best out of his bowlers is admitted, and he might quite conceivably prove to be the very man for an emergency like the present one.

WITH regard to the team as a whole it certainly does seem to me a pity that provision has not been made for one or two trial

W. BARDSLEY
Coming out to smother the ball at the "blind spot"

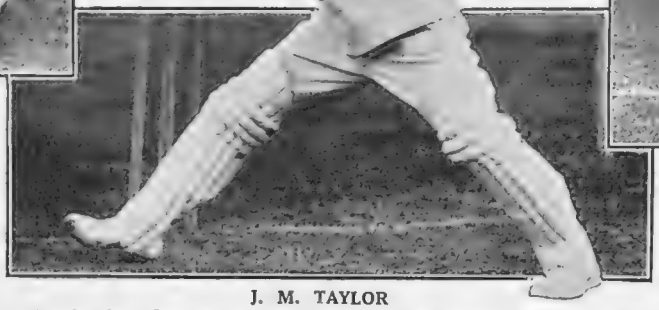
E. A. McDONALD
Gregory's right-handed understudy—fast, with a high action

Photographs

AND TRUE-CRICKETERS
Photographed for the Bystander

W. W. ARMSTRONG
The Captain, shaping to hit out at a ball which asks for punishment

E. R. MAYNE
In the act of pulling a long hop to the boundary



J. M. TAYLOR
Shaping for a late cut at a ball which is just outside the off stump, though it does not appear to be

J. S. RYDER
A master of the hook stroke, showing how it is done

J. M. GREGORY
The fast left-hander in the act of bowling one of his best

E. L. HENDRY
About to send down a fairly fast one which will "go with his arm"

matches, not so much for selection purposes as with a view to giving the probable components of the eleven a chance of practising together, especially as they will be up against an organised combination. Losing Test matches is not (as some appear to think) a National calamity, but all the same there is no harm in a little judicious preparation.

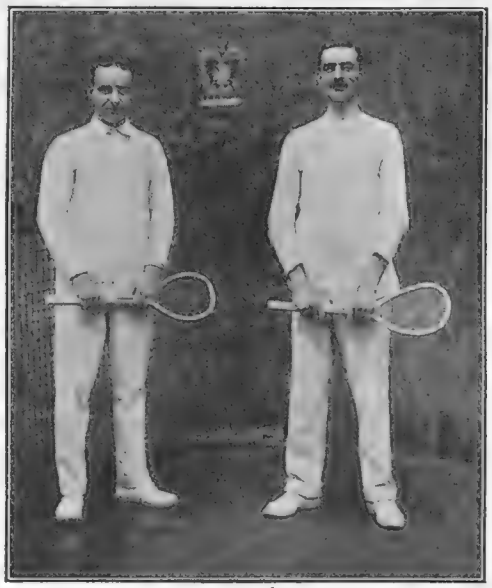
LAST year the 'Varsities had two such fine sides that it was doubly disappointing that their match was ruined by bad weather. This year the standard will again be high, and we may hope for better luck. As regards Old Blues, Oxford are rather the better off, for they have seven of last year's team available and two of the 1919 side who got pushed out last year. Four of these, R. H. Bettington, G. T. S. Stevens, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, and V. R. Price (Capt.) were the four principal bowlers last year, and the eleven should be strong all round. Cambridge have five Old Blues, several good seniors and quite a batch of freshmen with big school reputations. One of these is C. T. Ashton, and the Ashton family have a chance of equalling the record of the Studd family in the early 'eighties of having three brothers in the Cambridge eleven, for the Blues, H. and G. Ashton may be regarded as certainties. Cambridge are bound to have a

Sport and General

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

strong batting side, but Oxford may be expected to have the pull in the matter of bowling. The 'Varsity match clashes, somewhat unfortunately, with the third Test at Leeds.

THE decision not to alter the method of arriving at the order of merit in the County Championship which was in vogue last year is a surprising one. The committee say that there can be no satisfactory method of scoring until all the counties play an equal number of matches. But this does not alter the fact that there are degrees of unsatisfactoriness. Would it not have been worth while to try a system — several were propounded at the end of last season—which might have proved less unsatisfactory? The anomaly common to the 1914 and 1920 methods under which a side is penalised in certain circumstances for gaining a lead on the first innings ought certainly to have been banished.



Photograph *Sport and General*

C. S. CUTTING (left) AND THE HON. C. N. BRUCE
Finalists in the Tennis Amateur Championship at Queen's Club last week. Cutting was the winner, but in the Challenge round he failed to wrest the Championship from the holder, E. M. Baerlein, who beat him after a spirited match by three sets to nil. A portrait of the champion appears on p. 323

FOR the choice of the British yachts there will be eliminating trials, commencing on July 18 at Cowes, and it is satisfactory to learn that twelve boats are being built to compete for the honour of being among the chosen four, and as the aid of all the best designers is being invoked, those four should be pretty useful boats. Equally sure may we be that the Americans will send over four boats that will be the last word in American yacht-architecture. This is the sort of contest which appeals much more, not only to yachtsmen, but to sportsmen in general, than the America Cup, for which two huge yachts, each costing many thousands of pounds to build and equip, but useless for any other purpose, race against each other under all sorts of complicated rules and regulations. A six-metre boat measures about 20 feet on the water-line, weighs from 2½ to 3 tons, costs about £1,200, and can be worked by a crew of three or four. She is a real yacht, although only a small one, and the conditions under which she races are simple and straightforward, so that in this contest we get a true test of skill in yacht-designing and seamanship combined.

YACHTING

ONE of the most thoroughly sporting events which have happened in yachting for many a long year will be the contest, or, rather, the series of contests, for the British-America six-metre cup, which will be held this season at Cowes and Ryde between July 29 and August 10. In these races, of which there will be six (and more, if necessary), the four best American yachts will compete against the four best British. There are no restrictions as to design and dimensions, but the boats must all be "six-metres" within the meaning of the International rating rule, and must be steered by amateur helmsmen. There will be no time allowance, and, consequently, the first boat home will be the winner.

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations Co.*

"SAUCY SALLY"
Winner of the "A" Class Sailing Race for the Dunnage Challenge Cup recently held by the Thames Sailing Club at Surbiton. Her owner, Mr. C. P. Gosnell, who is at the helm, has been a prominent member of the Club for a number of years and his boat, with her up-to-date "Marconi" rig, is one of the smartest on the river

TENNIS

BY the successful defence of his title to the Amateur Championship of Tennis against the challenge of the American, C. S. Cutting, last week, E. M. Baerlein has still further enhanced his already great reputation as a master-player of tennis as well as of rackets. He was up against an opponent worthy of his prowess, for Cutting, with the exception of the great Jay Gould, is about the best American amateur that has ever visited our country. Baerlein was just sufficiently "on top" all through to win by three sets to nil, but he had to keep at full stretch in order to do so, and although the balance of what luck was going was certainly on his side, it was a fine achievement for a man of his years. He has now won the Championship five times. H. S. S.

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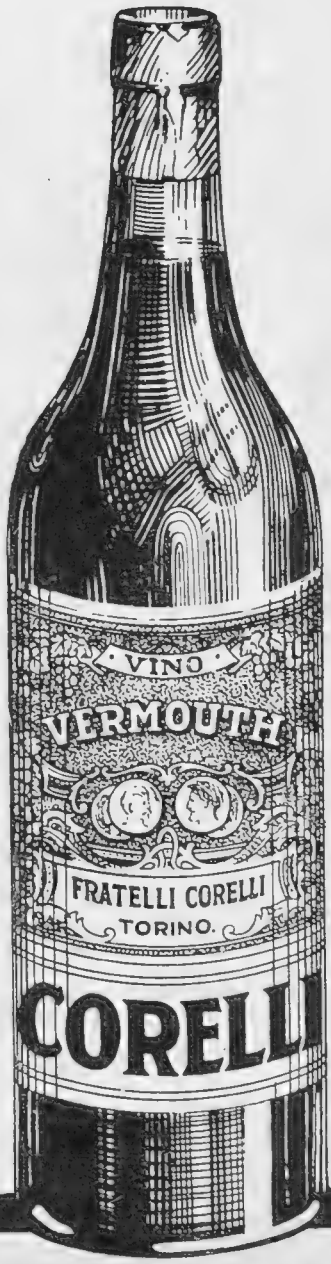

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Kempton

It was a decidedly pleasant surprise to be able to race at Kempton last week. On the Guineas day I had chatted with Mr. Walter Hyde about the prospects of the meeting, and he seemed to have absolutely no hope. The attitude of the Government in this matter passes all understanding. They prohibited the holding of such meetings as Newbury and the Newmarket Craven, which could have been brought off without causing the slightest inconvenience to anybody. Yet in the fifth week of the strike they say "you can have your Kempton." How absurdly inconsistent it all is. My opinion from the first has been that the Government's attitude towards racing is intolerable. They seem to forget that the Turf is something more than an amusement. It is an industry in which millions of capital are involved, and it should be safeguarded against the unreasonable restrictions of Sir Eric Geddes and other unsympathetic officials.

This Week's Big Race

To be racing again at Newmarket will be decidedly pleasant, for we are not likely to get the big crowds which made the Guineas day rather uncomfortable. Of course, we shall all have to travel by road, but who minds that in these days of abundant motoring facilities? It is difficult to foretell how the field for the Newmarket Stakes on Wednesday will be composed, but the entry promises to produce a very fine race. Craig an Eran and Lemonora can meet again.

Craig an Eran

I perceive no reason why Craig an Eran should not get the extra distance, and if he wins this race he will come to a very short price for the Derby. I don't like blowing my own trumpet, but if you refer to my notes on March 30 you will find that I recommended you to back Craig an Eran for the Derby. I wrote "the colt is very much liked at Manton; he has undoubtedly wintered well, and if you like to take a chance and can secure a long price about him for the Derby, you will probably see some decent hedging." I hope some of you took the hint.

Will He Win the Derby?

At the moment Craig an Eran is not a great deal in front of his stable companion, Lemonora, but I fancy the former has greater scope for improvement. Alan Breck can oppose the Manton pair this week. He was obviously backward when he ran in the Guineas, and I expect to see him in better shape on Wednesday. Still, he has to make up a good deal of ground, and I do not think he will reverse the placings with Alec Taylor's colts. My selection is **Craig an Eran**, and I believe that he will win the Derby as well if he goes on in the right way. I hope to see the King's colt, Perfect Knight, run well in the Payne Stakes on Thursday.

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Why Look for Any Other?

Lord Robert: By Jove! What a name "Duggie" must have among those who *know*. Just been looking through the comments of the great Sporting Papers, and what they say about him is simply wonderful.

Sir James: Yes, the *Daily Mail* speaks of his figures for the "Double" as being the largest of any Turf Accountant, so no wonder the *Sporting Life* backs this up by naming him as "By Far the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

Lord Robert: Our friend *John Bull* says "He's Safe as the Bank of England," and the *Tatler* advises its readers to "Select Douglas Stuart."

Sir James: Oh, they all say the same. The *Sportsman* calls him "A pioneer and introducer of new ideas," and the *Sporting and Dramatic* chimes in by "Strongly recommending this exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable agency." Some praise. What!

Lord Robert: Oh, I've noticed simply dozens of similar Press comments, but the one that strikes me most is the one a few days ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who said, "His name stands for all that is Best in the Racing World."

Sir James: Considering that he is always under the limelight, the unanimity is splendid. Makes one wonder why the Backers ever look for any other.

Write TO-DAY and open a

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The Five of Hearts

BY P. BEAUFOY

THE hour was 10 p.m., the scene was a snug corner of the smoke-room at the large and somewhat unexclusive Contemporary Club, in Piccadilly, W. The conversation, beginning with a newspaper article on the clumsiness of police methods, had wandered to the methods of the late lamented Sherlock Holmes. From Mr. Holmes to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was merely a matter of a few hundred words. For the next ten minutes the spiritualistic experiences of that excellent writer held the high place in the talk. By imperceptible stages the conversation then drifted to the question of telepathy. Each man contributed his opinion. One was cynical—another absurdly credulous. Sir Reginald Adamson—the stout apoplectic-looking member was treated with the deference which even the least snobbish person accords to the wealthiest man in his club.

"Rubbish! All damned rubbish!" he snorted. "Don't tell me! All this talk about thought-waves, currents, and magnetic influences is merely a relic of the South Sea Islanders' superstitions. It is simply amazin' that any of you people should be idiotic enough to waste five minutes discussing the business."

"There are more things in heaven and earth, etc., Sir Reginald," quoted Mr. Claude Barrasford, who dabbled in occultism. "I won't inflict the whole tag upon you."

"Many thanks," grumbled Sir Reginald. "People usually drag out that remark of Tennyson when they get on questions of this kind."

Mr. Barrasford was about to point out the innocence of the late Poet Laureate in connection with the aphorism, when the baronet jumped in upon him.

"We always hear about folks whose grandmothers or great-uncles have come across these phenomena" he said, angrily. "But how on earth is it that none of us seems to have encountered anything of the kind himself? That's what I want to know."

A tall, distinguished-looking man whom nobody seemed to know (he had only recently joined the club, as he had explained earlier in the evening), now put in a word.

"I quite agree with what you have said, Sir Reginald," he observed in a low, earnest voice, which immediately compelled attention. "There is not the least doubt that a very large number of these so-called cases of telepathy are the merest invention. But I myself have had a very remarkable experience."

Sir Reginald laughed noisily.

"I don't seem to know you, sir," he observed, rudely, "but nowadays clubs seem full of people whom nobody knows. May I ask what your particular experience has been?"

The other man smiled.

"I ought, perhaps, to apologise for giving a purely personal experience." he made answer. "But here it is. Some years ago, when I lived with a friend of mine called Browne, we found ourselves hitting upon the identical idea at precisely the same moment. Obviously, there was some unusual sympathy between our mental systems. After a time we began to amuse ourselves by guessing each others' thoughts, and, as a result, we very nearly reduced the business to a more or less exact science. I shouldn't be at all surprised if Browne, who is now probably sitting at home at Chiswick, is getting a pretty accurate idea of what is passing round this fire."

Sir Reginald laughed again. The laugh this time was positively raucous.

"If I had the privilege of knowing you, sir," he said, "I might take the liberty of telling you what I think of your assertions."

"You mean that you believe me to be a liar?" cried the other, flushing furiously.

"My dear, good sir, if you really want to put it that way I haven't the least objection."

At this point Mr. Barrasford intervened, partly as a peacemaker and partly as an earnest investigator of the occult.

"You must not mind Sir Reginald's somewhat decided views," he murmured, softly. "I myself would be intensely delighted if you could possibly give me some demonstration of your powers. Er—perhaps we might make an appointment at my rooms."

Again the aggressive baronet spluttered.

"Appointments! Peoples' rooms! It's always like that. Always the hole-and-corner business. That's why we never get near the truth."

"Exactly," assented the man whom nobody knew. "And that is why it would be a pleasure to me to give a little demonstration here and now. I am so thoroughly convinced of my friend's telepathic sense and of the extraordinary mental sympathy which exists between us that I am willing to bet any gentleman in the room that if he will select a card from an ordinary pack, Browne, five miles away, will describe the card he has chosen."

"And how the dooce are we going to summon this remarkable Mr. Browne?" snapped the baronet.

"Well! He is usually at home at this time, I believe. You can ring him up yourself, Sir Reginald, if you like to make the experiment."

Now, if there was one thing on earth which the baronet loved as much as he hated occultism, it was the idea of a gamble. His fishy eyes glistened.

"Er—you spoke about a bet," he observed in a much milder tone. "Are you willing to stake say £100 on the accuracy of this amazing statement of yours?"

"With pleasure!"

He extracted from an elegant pocket-book two Bank of England notes for £50 each. Sir Reginald, being something of a millionaire, had very little cash on him, but he borrowed the amount of the stakes from the man sitting next to him, Mr. Barrasford was then appointed stakeholder.

"Now, perhaps you will kindly ring and ask the steward for a pack of cards," suggested the unknown member—

When the cards arrived, he handed them to the baronet with a little smile.

"Pick out one," he said mildly.

Sir Reginald, obviously believing that he was on a good thing, drew forth the Five of Hearts.

Then he rose heavily.

"Er—This friend of yours. What is his name and number?"

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(Continued on page 358)

"Eye to Eye"

BY ALFRED LEETE

HOW FOOZLE MANAGED TO KEEP HIS EYE ON THE BALL

"THE FIVE OF HEARTS" (*concluded*)

"Oh, Browne, Eric Browne. The number is 2,360 Bedford Park. But ask the maid for Eric, as I rather fancy his brother is staying with them just now."

"All right!"

With a grin of anticipatory triumph, the baronet lumbered out of the room to the telephone.

During his absence, the other men sat rather quiet. Obviously, they could not make anything of this very queer business. That the strange member possessed a power which savoured of magic seemed absurd. On the other hand, it was hardly likely that he would risk losing £100 for the mere fun of the thing.

Meantime, the baronet had arrived at the telephone box and had rung up No. 2,360 Bedford Park. After the usual delays, he heard a voice enquiring.

"Yes, what is it, please?"

"Is that Mr. Browne's house?" asked Sir Reginald.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you ask Mr. Eric Browne to come to the 'phone?"

"Just hold the line, please, sir."

A moment later, a man's voice sounded.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," began the baronet, somewhat at a loss how to begin this extraordinary colloquy. "But we have been having a discussion with a friend of yours at the Contemporary Club about this telepathy craze. Of course, I don't believe in the business for one moment, but just to pass the time, he has asked me to select a card, which he professes you will be able to identify."

"I quite understand," said the voice at the other end. "We frequently amuse ourselves by this transference of thought. Just give me a minute or two in which to concentrate my mind and thus set up the connection between our brains."

"Concentration! Humbug!" muttered Sir Reginald.

However, he waited a decent interval and then bellowed into the 'phone—

"Well, what about it!"

The reply came in a somewhat dreamy tone——

"I have got an impression," said the voice. "I think—in fact, I am almost certain that the image of the card has been flashed to me."

"And the name of the card is?" queried the baronet.

"THE FIVE OF HEARTS!"

. . . . . .

Sir Reginald banged down the receiver with unnecessary force. He felt a trifle sick. It was not so much the loss of his hundred pounds that he regretted, though he was rich enough to be annoyed by even that comparatively small depletion of his exchequer. What struck him to the innermost recesses of his fattily-degenerating heart was the knowledge that the man had proved his case and had shewn him, Sir Reginald Adamson, to be utterly and overwhelmingly in the wrong.

Another man might have gone back to the smoke-room and reported a failure on the part of the telepathist, but whatever his faults the baronet was decently honourable. Not for an instant did this course occur to him. With very slow steps, wishing he could postpone the dreaded interview indefinitely, he went back.

"Well," cried one or two members together, "what's doing?"

The baronet frowned.

"I can't make head or tail of the business," he said gloomily; "but I suppose I owe this gentleman an apology. His friend certainly named the correct card. The money has been fairly won and it had better be paid immediately."

The winner pocketed the stakes.

"I am sorry to take your money, Sir Reginald," he murmured; "but if I have helped to modify your disbelief, I shall feel that I am justified to some extent."

A little later, when the telepathist was quitting the Club, the Hall Porter approached, and said, apologetically,

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't think you are a member. Did you come in with any gentleman?"

"With Sir Reginald Adamson," replied the other, glibly.

"Thank you very much, sir. You'll excuse me askin'. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night!"

The stranger smiled and tripped down the steps. Obviously he was quite pleased with himself.

. . . . .

Soon after the departure of the amazing telepathist Mr. Claude Barrasford went to the writing-room and began an article on the subject of thought waves for the *Occult News*. Meantime, the hero of the affair was on his way to West London. Arrived at a somewhat dingy little villa on the borders of Ravenscourt Park, he let himself into the house and strolled into the sitting-room.

An untidy-looking man who bore a very marked likeness to himself looked up eagerly.

"You look pretty bucked!" he remarked, "I suppose the old idiot settled up all right?"

"Rather!"

The telepathist took the notes from his pocket and displayed them to his brother.

"How did you manage to work your way in?" asked the latter.

"Well, it was just a bit of luck. I was nosing round the hall, wondering whether there was anything portable to annex when I perceived that the excellent hall-porter was not in his box. The page was likewise absent. The club swarms with new members, and nobody seemed to bother about little me when I meandered into the smoke-room and joined the group round the fire."

"I didn't get a chance to chip in for some time. Then some blessed benefactor got on the subject of spooks, and I was able to conduct the stream of eloquence towards our own little speciality. Oh, and that reminds me, Jack, that we shall have to cut out one of those names."

"Which one?"

"Well, Derrick sounds horribly like Eric. Over the telephone a mistake might easily be made. Just bring me the book."

A moment later he had erased the name of "Derrick" and substituted "Cecil."

The little book bore fifty-two male Christian names. Against each name was the name of a different card! It therefore happened that when "Mr. Eric" was asked for the Five of Hearts was named, and some other card when some other name was mentioned.

It was really quite simple.

. . . .

"And so," wrote Mr. Barrasford, as he laboriously wound up his article for the *Occult News*, "we may conclude that the art of telepathy is, as yet, only in its infancy."

Other arts, however, are quite grown up! P. BEAUFOY

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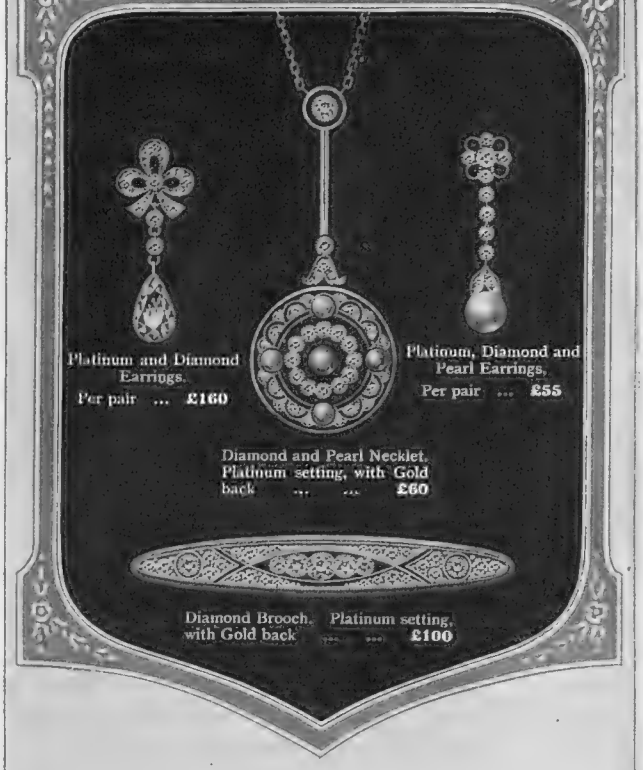

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YET ANOTHER "INVASION": NEW ZEALAND BOWLERS AT TORQUAY

Concurrently with the invasion of England by Australia in cricket and by America in polo and golf, we have the invasion of the New Zealand team in bowls to interest us. They are here seen (in blue coats) engaged in the second match of their tour at the beginning of last week, when they beat a team representing Devonshire at Torquay after a great struggle by 105 to 103

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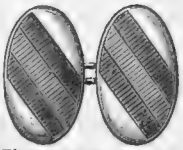

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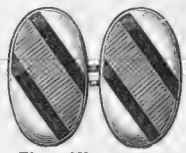

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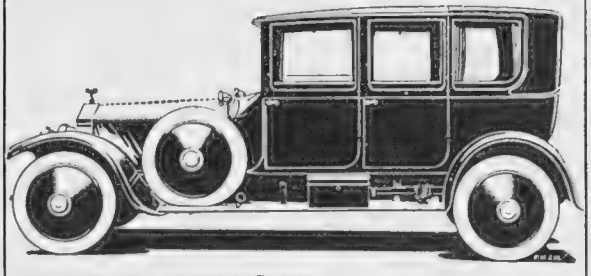

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I have not written many testimonials, but I cannot refrain from this one, of which you can make any use you choose.

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Northcliffe

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

ONE of the most unexpected and tantalising and extraordinary books ever published is Mr. A. M. Ludovici's *Man's Descent from the Gods* (Heinemann: 14s. net). Mr. Ludovici made his mark years ago as a stern Nietzschean. He has since written two or three novels, which have given him further opportunity to interpret life as he sees it. He is an uncompromising writer, not at all afraid to say what he thinks in these flabby, backboneless, dull, democratic days. His political views have been put forward in his *Defence of Aristocracy*, and now in this new book of his, which is advertised to be, amongst other things, the "complete case against prohibition," you have as bold an attack on preconceived ideas of mythology as was Nietzsche's own outburst against Christian morals.

STRIDING EDGE, HELVELLYN

A reproduction of the coloured frontispiece of "Holidays" (Cassell, 2s. 6d. net), a splendid book that tells you where to go, what to see, and the cost of your summer holiday. To be certainly added to your library list

IN Zeus and those other old gods Mr. Ludovici sees wise *men* who ruled a crowd less wise than themselves and kept terrible secrets from misuse. To him Prometheus, who, you remember, brought fire to mortals and suffered unpleasantly for doing so, is by no means the saviour he has been looked on, but an importunate devil who got no more than he deserved. Fire, that is to say, has caused us all sorts of troubles which could easily have been avoided. It killed good food; and it produced that unhealthy civilisation from which we are suffering to-day.

NOW, of course, if, as is probable, you are merely a "Promethean," more or less satisfied with things as they are, with cars and telephones and other new gifts of science, you will be no more than mightily amused at this well-written essay. But if you are not fully satisfied with our modern "progress" and "inventions," above all, if you want to see the evils of prohibition shown forth in an entirely new light, then read this strange book and alter some of your most cherished convictions. There will be one or two points where it will seem that Mr. Ludovici is taking too much for granted, and some of his views may appear even too forthright; but you will find a book packed with interest, new ideas, and a new courage for their expression. R. S.

"ARIADNE" GARDEN SEAT.

Depth of seat, 1 ft. 7 in., height of back, 2 ft. 9 in. Length 5 ft., price £6 17 6d. Length 6 ft., price £8 5s. Footboard 5 ft., price, 15s. Footboard 6 ft., price 18s. Made in any length to match the seat 10 in. wide, at 3s. per foot. Motto hand-carved on rail, £2 2s. 6d. extra.

A Charming Seat for your Garden

Read the Motto: "The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden,
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This beautiful Garden Seat, the "ARIADNE," is made by the Hughes Bolckow craftsmen from the fine old Teakwood of Britain's dismantled Battleships. It will give added charm to any garden, and being weatherproof can be kept out of doors without impairing its natural beauty or utility. This is just one of many charming examples of Garden Furniture made by Hughes Bolckow.

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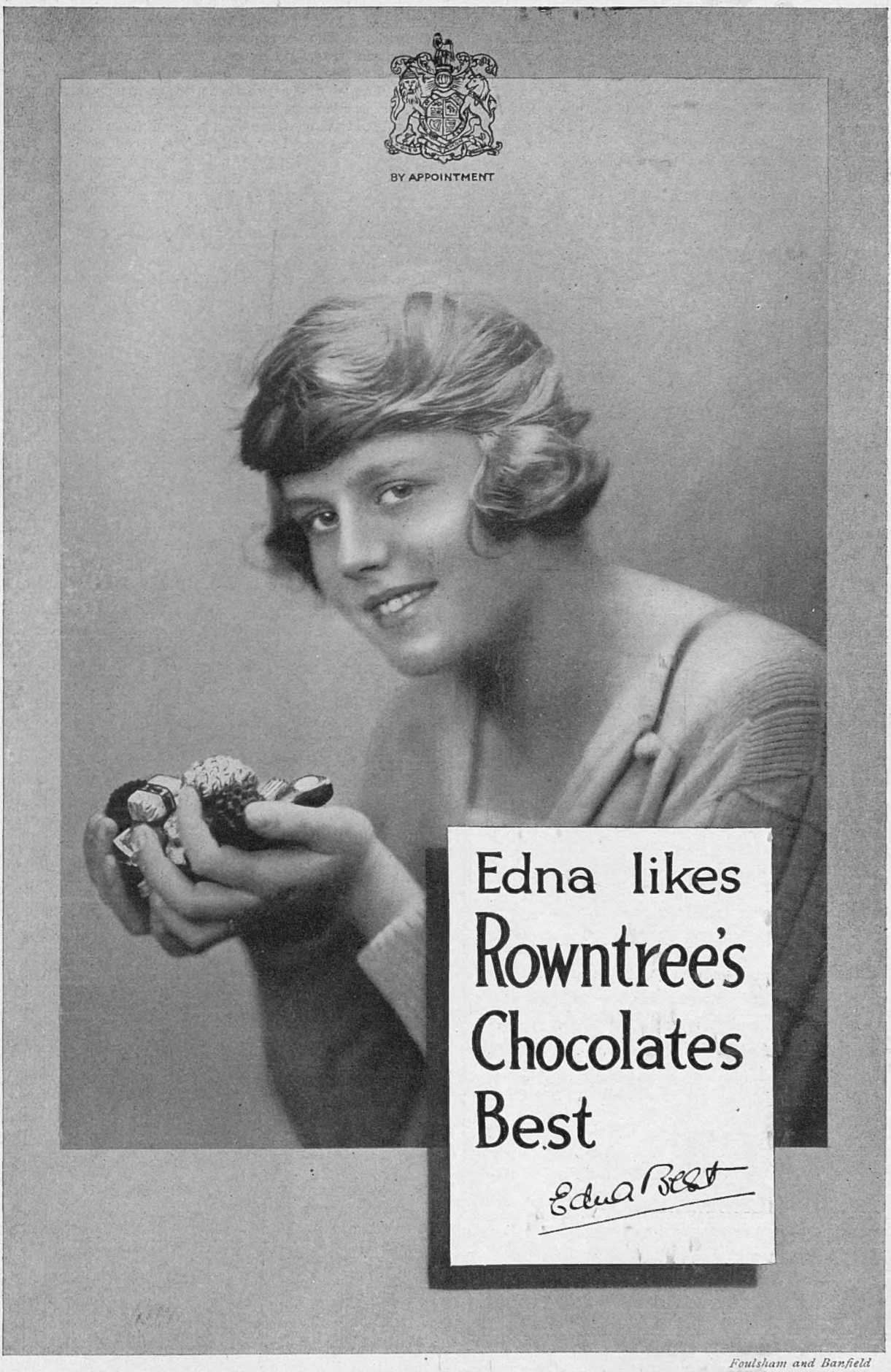


Foulsham and Banfield

MOTOR-NOTES

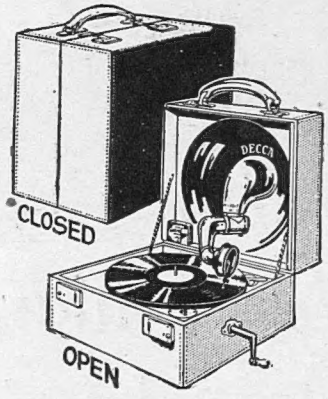
THERE is a good deal of memoranda sent to us scribblers on motor topics, most of which is of little use, but there are exceptions. One of these is a little folder issued by the Sunbeam Motor Company, with illustrations showing how to find the number of the chassis, engine, gear-box, front and rear axle and steering, which is stamped with the number of the car throughout, as well as the number of the unit itself. People who want to buy second-hand Sunbeam cars should not fail to write for one of these "How to find the number of your Sunbeam car" before making a purchase, as if numbers vary you can tell if the part has been replaced or changed. Most chassis have their number on the dash under or in front of the bonnet. Sunbeams are under the bonnet and on the near side of second cross member of frame as well. The 16 h.p. engines have their number on the near side front arm of the crank-case, while the six-cylinder 24 h.p. are numbered on the flange of the timing case. As for the gear-box, that has its number on the off-side of the casing immediately above the sliding rods, while that on the steering is on the top lug of the worm-gear-box. The rear axle is numbered on the joint flange of the differential case, while the front one has its figure on the near side upper flange of axle-bed, which is the easiest place of the whole lot to find out the number of the car.

A WOLSELEY FIFTEEN
On the shore of Wast Water, near Scawfell

JUDGING by the merits of bitumen for road surfaces in the place of using tar, according to a pamphlet I have received from the Shell-Mex folks I wonder any self-respecting road engineer and surveyor ever thought of using such a contaminator of streams, and ruin-giver of paint and varnish as common tar when bitumen was there ready to his hand. Perhaps there is a wide difference in price—I wonder—but, considering that Ancient Egypt used it two or three thousand years ago to line cisterns and silos with that are still intact, there seems to be something really wonderful to shout about. Of course, Mexphalte, as the particular bitumen sold and advocated by the Shell-Mex people, has its own special value, being freed from impurities. But how many of us knew there was any difference between "tar" and "bitumen"? The latter was commonly supposed to be the swank title of the former. Now we know it's not, for tar kills the fish while they thrive on bitumen, and it wears better on the roads, so I hope that the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries can now sign a treaty of peace with the Ministry of Transport and Health Ministry—in fact, "mex" it up—as there has

(*Continued on page 365*)

Get a Gramophone you can put in the Car, take on the River, and carry with utmost ease anywhere.



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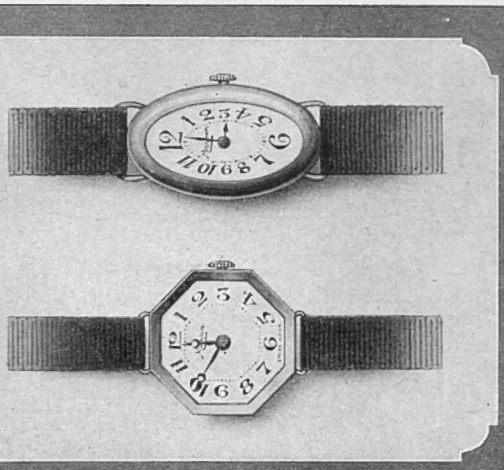
Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd. (Wholesale only).



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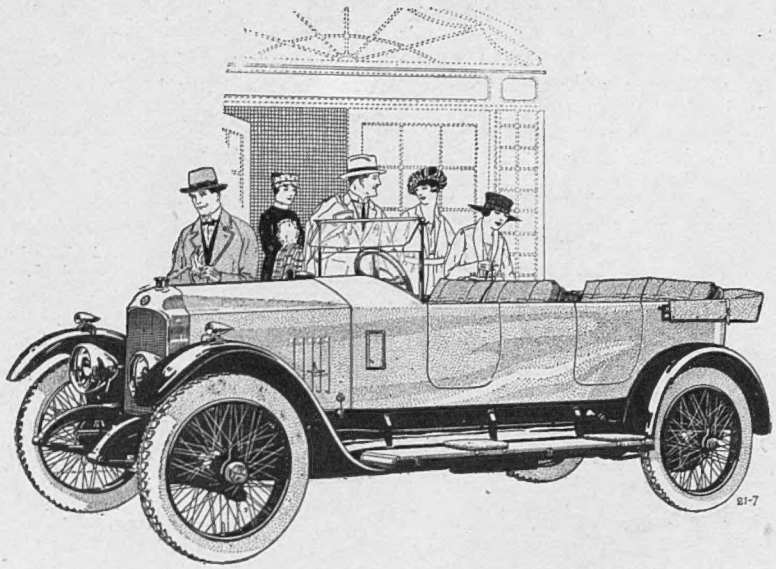

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

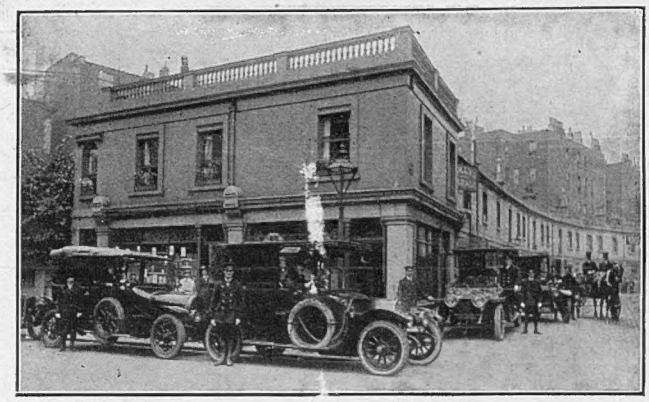
been a long inter-departmental war on this tarring of roads, but now let's hope its finished.

* * *

If the railways put into action their threat of shutting down all fast trains and "sleepers" from the North to the South, those motorists taking part in the London to Edinburgh twenty-four hours reliability trial of the Motor Cycling Club on Friday-Saturday this week will not be able to wait for the results, but will have to turn round and drive South again if they wish to be present at the Whitsun race meeting at Brooklands, in place of coming back by the night mail on Sunday. That is somewhat a strenuous job, as 400 miles driven in one day is a bit too fatiguing to want a double dose of it. Brooklands, I hear, is to be favoured with even more bookies than ever, as all the pencillers are more or less out of work on account of there being no horse-racing, so they are going to try their luck at Brooklands.

* * *

My old friend Michelin seems to be one of the few tyre experts nowadays who still pin their faith to the ordinary clincher type of tyre as against that Yankee importation, the straight-edge tyre. Now Dunlops have started making the straight-sided kind I expect all the other British tyre-makers will do ditto, and the next thing that follows will be a revolution in wheels. Ha! Ha! But it's not a joke, as what is going to happen is that as straight-sided tyres want flanged wheels to put them on and off, so detachable flanged rims will be carried instead of a spare wheel, or, perhaps, only a spare cover and tubes, as we did before the days of spare wheels, all tyre-fitted to save bother. All I can say is that I have so got out of practice in pumping up tyres that I don't want to have to begin that game again at my time of life. Few cars carry engine-driven tyre-pumps, so no straight-edge nonsense for me. I am going to stick to clinchers and buy even another spare wheel to carry, as well as the one I possess on the car, sooner than have any of the old horrors of changing tyres on the wet and muddy road in a howling wind and hailstorm in the early hours of the morning. And I think I can speak for the owners of the 126,000 motor carriages in little old England, too.



"GOLL[illegible] GARAGE"

Which is successfully ov[illegible]aged by a lady motorist at Earl's Court. [illegible]tion for eighty cars

* * *

Garage accommodation seems ever in demand in London Town, and especially for the owner-driver who does not wish to pay exhorbitant prices for little odd jobs to the car he cannot manage to do himself. As usual, girls have come to his rescue, or, to be precise, a well-known lady in Society who started a small garage three years ago has found such a demand for her novel schemes of maintenance, hire, and use of the repair workshop that "Golly's" garage, in Earl's Court Road, Kensington, has grown from a three-car power to one of eighty cars, all in three years, too. The great charm of "Golly's" is that you can have house-room for your car at a most moderate charge, pay a trifle more per week to include washing, etc., pay a bit more still to include maintenance; in fact, pay as little as you like, or as much as you want to. What could be better?

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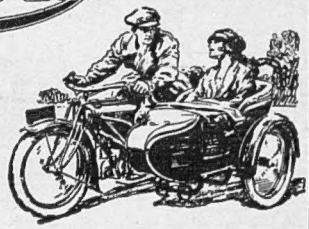

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